

WAR \$ CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

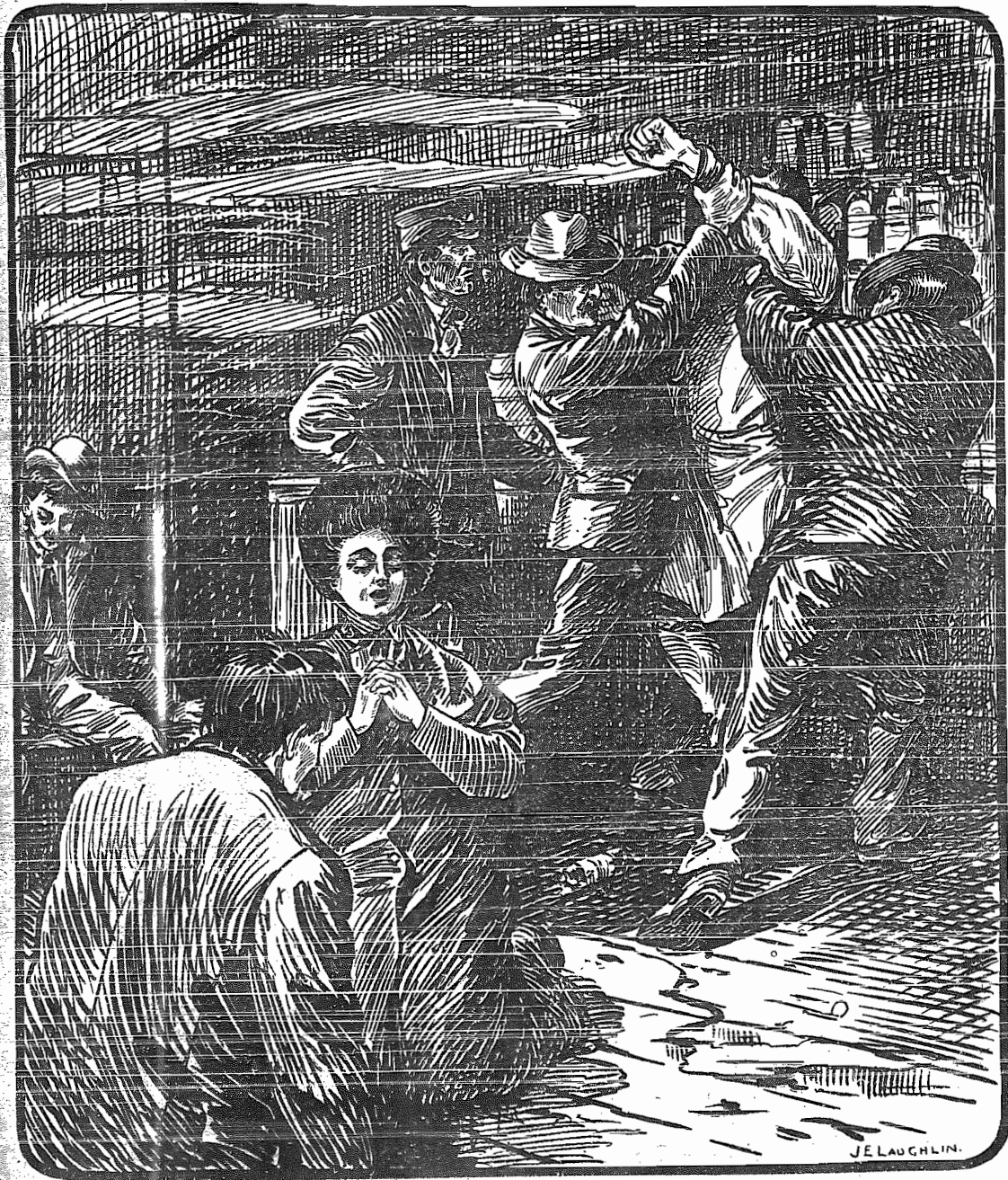
22nd Year. No. 24.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

TORONTO, MARCH 27, 1906.

THOMAS H. COOMBS,
Commodore.

Price 2 Cents.



IN A DAKOTA "BLIND FIG."

(See Story on page 4.)

ARROWS

FROM THE GENERAL'S QUIVER.

"We are all agreed that salvation from sin is most desirable."

"If the Bible does not teach hell it does not teach anything at all."

"We are all agreed that we ought to be saved from the domination of sin."

"The man or woman professing to be saved, has the honor of God in their keeping."

"The end for which the Christian religion was instituted was to get sin out of the world."

"A state of grace cannot be reached in this life from which it is impossible for a man to fall into sin and hell."

"Can't you go a little further and say that the Holy Spirit can save you root and branch—altogether from all sin?"

"If your sins have been washed away they have been washed out of God's book; but if not, we have fixed before the platform an altar at which you can come and confess your sins to God."

"What are you to do, if conscious that you are not a flame of fire, and you want to be one? Come to God. Tell Him that you would rather be a flame of fire than anything else. Acknowledge your unfaithfulness—cast yourself upon Him!"

"It is a great salvation, in view of the wisdom that conceived this plan for keeping you out of hell and bringing you into heaven—great in view of the price that was paid for it. We value things on earth—and I suppose we are not far wrong in our custom—according to the price we have to pay for them. To purchase your salvation it cost the life-blood of the Son of God."

One Man's Influence.

One of the Commissioner's Converts Going Full Steam Ahead.

A young man who was led to Christ in one of the Commissioner's meetings has since been doing a good work wherever he has gone. Up in the summer camp he had many opportunities of procuring Christ's salvation, and can rejoice over souls won through personal effort.

"It was a hard thing to kneel down and pray before all the lumber jacks," he said, "but it placed me at once in a right position. They all knew then what I was, and it helped me to speak to them about their souls."

"Can you tell us of any who were saved while you were amongst them?" we asked.

"Oh, yes; in the first meeting I held in the camp a young man from England took his stand with me. He was from the Congress Hall, and my little meeting encouraged him to come out boldly on the Master's side. Then there was a cowboy, whose ideal men were the villains who figure in the detective and Wild West stories. One day as I was talking to him and urging him to seek Christ, who was an ideal man and pattern for us all, a lumberman came up and struck me on the head. I said, 'God bless you, Jack,' and they both went out of the shanty. In the evening the cowboy returned, and with a softened heart said that he had settled the matter in the woods, and was going to serve God. Then one day as I was walking along the lake shore I met a backwoodsman. I was wearing an Army pin and it attracted his notice. He asked what society I belonged to, and when I said, 'Salvation Army,' he wanted to know something about it. This gave me a chance to speak to him concerning Jesus. He thought that no one ought to talk on religious matters

to another man unless he were a properly ordained minister. I said that the way the Gospel was spread was by one disciple of Jesus going out and making another one, and so on. He was quite convinced at last, and he knelt on the railway track while he prayed that God would forgive him."

Our comrade is still as zealous as ever, and writes as follows:

"Once more I feel like telling you of God's goodness to me. On Sunday I took a convert with me and we visited the prison. Only privileged prisoners are allowed into the court room to hear the Army, so when I went there were only two men they could trust outside the cells. I asked permission to talk to them in the cells, but they said I could only talk through the wicket. I persisted, however, and gained my point and talked to them in the close stuffy cell from the 23rd Psalm. The convert got on fine, but I thought I was going to faint. I went to one man and asked him if he would take Jesus into his heart, and, glory to God, he went on his knees and asked pardon. The rest of the men seemed deeply affected, and sung, 'What a Friend we have in Jesus.' In one of the cells I found an old mate of mine, who was passing out of this world. As I saw the great change in him I almost broke down. I spoke to him about his soul, and he told me he was thinking a great deal and he knew his time was short, and he would like to cross the river knowing he was right with God. The next man I spoke to was an ex-soldier, from Blackfriars Shelter, and he expressed a desire to take his old place again."

May we all endeavor to arouse such feelings and thoughts in the unsaved as will lead to their salvation.

Feeling or Knowing.

A very common expression which we often hear in the Army is, "I feel led to do it."

Mere feelings on the subject of duty, however, are very illusionary, and if we only did certain things when we felt like it we should be apt to do God's work by fits and starts. A conscious knowledge of our duty should be sought for, and then the power to perform it. The will of God concerning us may be ascertained by certain means. Those who use the means provided will certainly be guided aright, but those who depend merely on feelings or impressions, are liable to fall into great delusions. What George Mueller said upon this subject is worth thinking about:

"I seek at the beginning to get my heart into such a state that it has no will of its own in regard to a given matter."

"Having done this, I do not leave the result to feeling or simple impression. If I do so I make myself liable to great delusions."

"I seek the will of the Spirit of God through and in connection with the Word of God. The Spirit and the Word must be combined. If I look to the Spirit alone without the Word, I lay myself open to great delusions also. If the Holy Ghost guides us at all, He will do it according to the Scriptures, and never contrary to them."

"Next I take into account providential circumstances. These often plainly indicate God's will in connection with His Word and Spirit."

"I ask God in prayer to reveal His will to me aright. Thus, through prayer to God, the study of His Word, and reflection, I come to deliberate judgment according to the best of my ability and knowledge, and if my mind is thus at peace, and continues so after two or three more petitions, I proceed accordingly."

DYING NECESSARY.

"Do settle in your minds that without a dying, a real, a complete and eternal separation between your old self and the new self, which means to live and die for others, you cannot be a true disciple of Jesus Christ, or a real benefactor of your race."—Mrs. General Booth.

Conscience Money.

The public exchequer often receives sums of money which have to be entered under the above heading. A lady in the States recently sent a one-cent stamp to the President to make up for having put insufficient postage on a letter. It was probably more of a joke than anything else, but it is not fun to many who feel forced to make restitution to the public for frauds in the past.

In some cases it costs the conscience-stricken person many hundreds of dollars before they feel satisfied that they have done the right thing.

In one case that occurred recently the Salvation Army got the benefit of the contribution to the Conscience Fund. The Collector of Customs at Rochester, N.Y., received a letter telling of some smuggled printing matter several years ago. A sum of money was enclosed to pay the duty, and the letter went on to say that if the articles described were not dutiable the money should be turned over to the Salvation Army. The letter was signed "One who desires to get right with God."

Judging from the description given of the articles in question, the Customs Collector decided that they were not liable to duty, and so

Gave the Money to the Army.

Though it is possible to quiet the qualms of conscience in this manner, and is, in fact, a perfectly right thing to do, yet there is one great debt we can never repay. Fabulous wealth, oceans of tears, or life-long penances would never avail to blot out our transgressions or to cleanse our hearts from sin, but we are glad to say that the "blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin."

When a sinner is convinced of his guilt, and sees the extent of the damage he has done, not only in doing actual and outward wrong, but in exerting a 'bainful moral influence over those he has lived with, he falls down before God and confesses that he has nothing to pay. He may be able to clear off a few money debts, but how can he possibly make restitution for the far-reaching effect of his sinful life upon others. All he can do is to seek forgiveness, and then devote his life to the service of God and strive to lead others to the paths of righteousness.

He Has Nothing to Pay.

He cannot undo the past, he could never hope to merit salvation if he attempted to do so—he must claim forgiveness and become the willing servant of the One Who has power to forgive all manner of sin and blasphemy.

We do not say that a man need not pay his debts because God forgives his sins—in fact, a condition of forgiveness is that the wicked restore the pledge and give again that he had robbed. What we want to point out, however, is that salvation is from the Lord, and beyond fulfilling the conditions we must put in our claim for forgiveness and obtain the witness of the spirit that the pardon is granted.

A Great Business.

From a corps in the Northwest the following interesting news is to hand:

"Some of these cases this week were specially interesting. Two dear Gaiicians, a man and a woman, two Indians from the Sioux Reserve near Griswold, and one poor man who had fallen low through drink. The latter had got into serious trouble, and was carrying round a bottle of poison intending to end his misery. His sadness vanished like snow in a Chinook wind, and he writes from Winnipeg, where he went to make matters right, in a hopeful and happy strain."

"Who would not be in such a business as that? You who are not fully consecrated to God, sell out and come and join our company. God wants you to help in making the lives of others bright and happy, and what better chance can you have than at the battle's front?"

ORILLIA,

THE CENTRE OF THE NEW
ONTARIO DIVISION.

SITUATED in one of the most picturesque portions of Ontario, Orillia has many advantages by reason of its natural location. Then the citizens are striving to bring their town into prominence by beautifying the town and surroundings, to which the splendid park testifies. The proximity of Lake Couchiching adds its charm to attract visitors in summer.

Private enterprise has done much to develop industries, as may be seen in the splendid factories of the well-known Tudhope Carriage Works, the Dominion Iron Wheel Factory, the World's Furniture Manufacturing Co., Lock Works, Tannery, Saw and Planing Mills, and several other industries. The town has done much to encourage industries by the erection of an electric plant. About twenty miles distant the town has built a dam, and now develops, by the aid of water power furnished by the dam, some 1,600 horsepower. The electric power is generated at 3,000 volts, transmitted at 20,000 volts, and reduced in town again to 2,000 volts. At this moment the plant supplies the current for 7,500 incandescent lights (16 c.p.) and 50 arc lights, and about 500 horse-power for manufacturing purposes. The charges are very low, being \$16 net for motive power and a flat rate of 20c. for residences and 28c. for places of business per 16 c.p. light per month. No wonder that the houses are mostly well lit up at night. Yet in spite of this low rate the

proceeds are \$30,000 per annum, giving a handsome return for the investment of a quarter of a million dollars.

The Salvation Army invaded Orillia early, it being the 42nd corps of Canada, and it has seen many changes, both of property and hardship. The building we occupy is our own, and is built on a somewhat unique plan. Besides a nice and fairly large hall, it contains an officers' quarters and a junior hall. The latter requires some repairs or alterations very urgently.

In May, 1905, Orillia became the Divisional Centre of the newly-formed New Ontario Division, with Brigadier and Mrs. Collier in command, assisted by a Cashier, in the person of Capt. Peacock.

At that time the local corps was probably in its worst condition, only a few soldiers being available, and many times the officers had to go alone to the open-air.

Gradually the corps has picked up. A few Salvationists who came from England to this country found employment in town and swelled our ranks. Bros. Bench and Tuck, two old soldiers of Lisgar St., Toronto, also moved to Orillia to take positions in the newly-organized lock factory, and were valuable additions to

the local force. A few new converts also became soldiers, and to-day the local troops are hopeful, prospects are brighter, and the general influence and standing of the Army has been bettered.

Two faithful old stand-bys are War Cry Sergeant and Mrs. James. The War Cry has no more enthusiastic boomer than Brother James. In his testimony he said, "I have lived on bitters for twenty-six years, but now I taste the sweets of Jesus' love."

Orillia corps has a brass band, which,

under the direction of Bandmaster Fairhurst, is coming on nicely. Brigadier Collier's oldest son, Bramwell, is a bandsman, and an able one at that.

Capt. Peacock, the Divisional Cashier and general factotum, has taken a special interest in the junior work, which shows a healthy growth.



Ensign and Mrs. Hoddinott, Orillia.

Ensign and Mrs. Hoddinott have been in command of this corps since November, and are hopeful. Both are tried officers, who are working themselves into the hearts of the people. Mrs. Hoddinott was well-known before her marriage as Captain Hollett. Two children, Grace and Victor, comprise their family.

The recent mild winter has not been without its special benefit to Orillia. Owing to the failure of the ice crop on the lakes a Buffalo firm has erected sheds and started with a force of three hundred men to cut ice on Lake Couchiching, where it had formed

clear and in great thickness. The employment of such a force of men, of course, means a brisk trade for the town, as well as a busy time for the railroad.



Capt. Peacock,
Divisional Factotum.

The C.P.R. shortly expects to enter Orillia with its line which connects their new wharves and elevators at Victoria Harbor, near Midland, with Port Hope, which would considerably shorten the C.P.R. grain route, which now lies via Owen Sound.

Let us hope that the Army's move in the right direction will continue in speed and volume until Orillia corps shall set the pace to the corps of the New Ontario Division.

LIEUT.-COLONEL UNSWORTH'S FAREWELL.

Lieut.-Colonel Isaac Unsworth, who, with his motherless family, is expected to reach England within the next few days, had a cordial send-off from Melbourne.

The Sunday's good-bye meetings were conducted by Australia's Chief Secretary, Colonel Hoskin, in the City Temple. Many of Colonel Unsworth's old comrades, who have learned to appreciate his work in Australia, came to wish him God-speed, and there were seven seekers at the mercy seat.

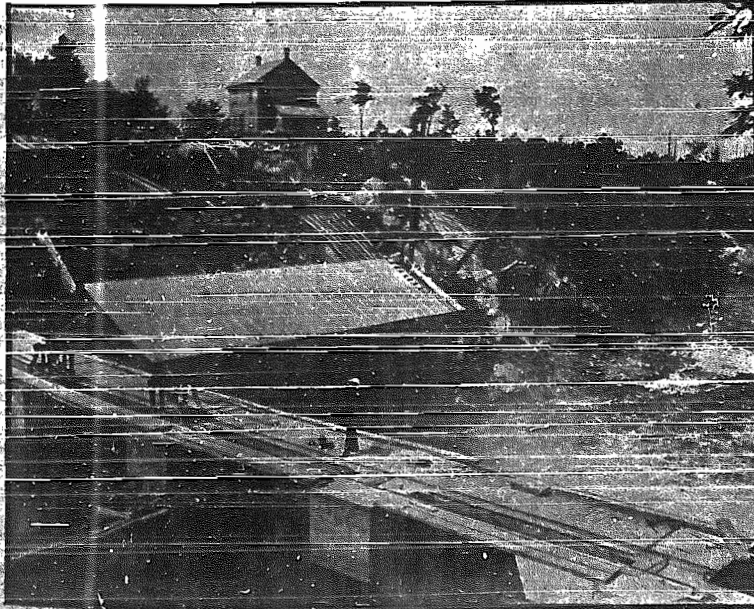
THE OCEAN OF GOD'S LOVE.

Dr. J. F. Carson has a message for the penitent. God's mercy is like the tireless patience of the sea. The children dig deep wounds in the sand with their spades, leaving scars on the golden surface. Then quietly the old sea turns, and every trace of scar is obliterated, and the shining surface of the sand is as smooth as ever. Day after day the scene is repeated, and the sea is never tired of putting things to rights. . . . It is an emblem of the everlasting God who fainteth not, neither is weary.—John F. Cowan.

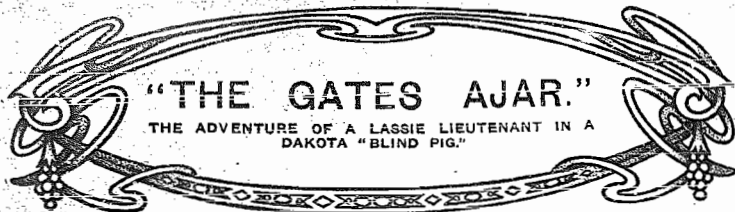
It is through a valley of tears that many reach the smiles of Paradise.



BRIGADIER AND MRS. COLLIER,
Commanding New Ontario Division.



Power Dam Built by the Town of Orillia, Ont., to Supply Power and Light at Small Cost.



"THE GATES AJAR."

THE ADVENTURE OF A LASSIE LIEUTENANT IN A
DAKOTA "BLIND PIG."

By Mrs. Adjutant Thorildson.

About three years ago, while stationed as Lieutenant in North Dakota, I started early one Saturday morning with my bundle of War Crys. I had almost finished by "beat," and had just two Crys left when, on leaving the station, an inspiration struck me to take another route. It was one of those beautiful, clear, crisp December mornings. Every visible object seemed dancing in the sunlight, and indeed I felt like dancing, too, for the Lord had so wonderfully blessed me that morning, in the selling of my Crys; and as I hastened on my way it gave me almost childish delight to watch the tiny ruffles of pure, sparkling snow, as they shot like glistening pearls before me.

In a few minutes I reached Vina Street, and was about to take a "short cut" to Main, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the heavy slamming of a door. Pausing for a moment to ascertain the direction from which this sound proceeded, my attention was further aroused by hearing repeated peals of coarse, angry laughter. Presently I noticed a door opening from the rear of what was reputed to be a most respectable place of business. A hand was clutching the knob, while the door swung fitfully to and fro. A moment later it was closed again with a bang.

Instinctively I felt that this must be nothing less than a "speak-easy," or what the Dakotans call a "blind pig," and immediately determined to go and see. So as fleetly as possible I hastened through the snow of the intervening commons. On reaching the spot I was quickly convinced, from the co-mingling of angry voices from within that I was not mistaken in my conviction.

Gently turning the knob, I stepped within, shutting the door lightly after me; and, oh, what a woeful picture met my sight. Nearly a dozen men were huddled together in a dingy little den, of about twelve feet by ten. The floor was carpeted with a profusion of sawdust, waste paper and broken glass. The walls of old boards were unpainted and undecorated. The room was but dimly lighted, and the atmosphere was heavy with the odor of tobacco and whiskey.

Four or five men, with glasses of liquor in hand, were in the midst of a heated discussion with the bar-tender. Another, with much apparent difficulty, was trying to stand in a corner. Two others were lying soundly asleep on the sawdust, while another poor, deluded soul, with both hands stretched across the bar, was vainly endeavoring to steady himself. A look of utter hopelessness and despair was written on every feature of this poor man's face, and with all the consciousness still remaining, he was pleading for more whiskey.

The bar-tender was a tall, black-eyed, broad-shouldered, but wrecked-looking man of middle-age. And yet he carried with him a lingering air which bespoke of better days. His face was a picture of vice personified, but the swollen wound over his eye proved clearly enough that he suffered for his vice.

After standing for a few moments unnoticed, I stepped from the shadow of the door, and holding out my papers, I cried, "War Crys." Instantly, as though struck by some magic spell, the wine-glasses were lowered, while one, striking the bar, was shivered to pieces; and half a dozen bleared, crazed-looking eyes were turned upon me. Again I offered my Crys. Several hands were eagerly thrust into their pockets. The man clinging to the bar staggered towards me, and turning his pockets inside out explained how

he had always liked to buy the War Cry, but that the man behind the bar had taken his last dime for drink. Another, holding up a coin, called out, "Here's the last nickle I have on earth," and took the paper. In a few moments I found myself completely surrounded by the group, every one seemingly talking at the same time. Just here the man from the corner, known as Clarkton, joined us, and pushing his way through the group held out a silver dollar. I explained that the War Cry was only five cents, but throwing the money towards me, he explained, "Take it or that black devil behind the counter will get it!" I picked up the money, and looking toward the bar-tender I saw that his face was white with anger, and that his eyes were fixed upon me with an ominous glare. I felt a chill creeping over me. A moment later and the air was riven with a volley of terrible oaths, at the same time commanding me, under heavy threats, to instantly leave the place.

"This is a public place, is it not, sir?" I replied; "and as such I have a right to enter."

"If you were what you pretend to be," he replied, with another storm of oaths, "you would never have entered here in the first place."

"Where the drunkard is, sir," I answered, "there will I go to his rescue, even though it be to the brink of the eternal pit."

This reply was greeted with happy exclamations by the drunks. Two or three hats went into the air.

"That's it! that's it!" exclaimed one; "and didn't I tell ye afore, lads, that these here Army gals was alwars huntin' up, and a-tryin' ter save jest such drinkin' fellers as us?"

I was just turning to escape from the room when the man known as Clarkton, putting out his hand to detain me, said, "See here, missy, we've bought your papers, and paid you well for 'em; now we want a song, and a good one at that."

I stared at the man in anxious, yet dumb, amazement. For me to sing with that dangerous-looking bar-tender glaring so fiercely at me! Impossible! With a feeling akin to horror, I glanced appealingly again at the man, but he looked unmoved and determined to have me sing. The others were waiting in respectful silence, but to my astonishment, not a word of all the songs I knew would come to my mind, so clasping my hands I knelt in the sawdust, and with a silent prayer for help, I looked from my own weakness to God's almighty strength, and in an instant a song which I learned in my childhood sprang to my lips, and I began—

"There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing."

Here and there through the verse Clarkton joined me; and on its completion, addressing the men, he said, "See here, boys, I want ter tell youse that I'm not one of them kinder stuck-up fellers as is ashamed to kneel with the Salvation Army," and down he scrambled to his knees beside me. I started the chorus,

"Oh, depth of mercy, can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me. For me?
Was left ajar for me?"

in which he joined lustily. We were repeating the chorus when the bar-tender, evidently much exasperated, threw himself, with a bitter threat, over the bar, and would have landed beside us had not a couple of the men caught him before he reached the ground.

For a few moments a desperate struggle ensued. The words of the song seemed to freeze on my lips; I was powerless to move hand or foot. For a moment the poor drunk swayed uncertainly, but at last, with the assistance of Clarkton, they succeeded in shuffling him over the bar, telling him to stay where he belonged, adding further that they would fight for the Army lass at any cost. The bar-tender, though livid with rage, was cowed.

But during the skirmish, one of the men sleeping on the floor was struck on the head, and hurt. With terror depicted on every feature, he opened his eyes, and looking wildly around he cried, "Oh I thought I was in hell!—in hell!" he repeated. His tone was so strangely mournful and desperate that it struck me to the heart, calling me instantly from myself and my fears. I hastily moved to his side.

"Yes, brother," I said, "this terrible den is surely a hell upon earth! But, remember there is a greater hell than this awaiting the drunkard who dies in his sins—a hell awful and eternal, where not even one single ray of hope ever reaches the never-dying soul. Brother," I continued, "do you hear me? Do you believe me, when I tell you that even now you are standing on the brink of this terrible pit?"

A look of dreadful concern stole over his countenance. The horror, too, of his waking thoughts was evidently with him. His features moved convulsively, and I felt that conviction had assuredly entered his soul. I ceased speaking and began again to sing, "There is a gate that stands ajar." I sang the verse and repeated the chorus several times.

Suddenly he sprang to his knees, and, looking steadily, solemnly, and soberly at me, said, "Tell me, oh, tell me, is that gate ajar for me?"

"Brother," I replied, taking a firm grip of his hand, for I perceived that he was exceedingly in earnest, "believe me, this gate, the gate of heaven, is open for you, and for every sinner in this room. Yes, it is open just now."

Then I told him of God's wondrous love towards poor sinners; of His power to save to the uttermost, and of His willingness to save just now. He bowed his head low to the ground. I then sang the second verse—

"That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation—
The rich, the poor, the great, and small
Of every tribe and nation."

"Sing it again," he abruptly cried.

After repeating it a couple of times I looked at him, and behold the big tears were trickling through his brawny fingers. He was sobbing like a child. With all the earnestness of my soul I prayed to God that this poor, contrite soul might receive the light, and the blessed assurance of his sins forgiven. I then asked him to pray for himself, and, oh, such a prayer I have rarely ever heard—so humble, so earnestly-beseeching, and withal so truly penitent. He seemed to enter so deeply and fully in to the past with God, dwelling with unspeakable tenderness and remorse upon his desertion of his young and trusting wife and their infant child, telling God how that the baby voice had followed him wherever he went, so haunting his footsteps and maddening his brain that in desperation he plunged deeper and deeper into sin that he might drown his misery.

Our hearts were greatly touched by the pathos and simplicity of this earnest prayer, and sympathetic tears fell from the eyes of more than one of those hardened sinners there that day. Heaven seemed to come down into that haunt of vice, and I felt that we were indeed "standing on holy ground."

When we arose from our knees his face was literally shining with the glorious light of victory. Stepping forward he grasped his old companions by the hand, bidding them good-bye, telling them how wondrously God had saved his soul, and admonishing them to turn from the paths of sin and enter the gate of mercy, ere it be for ever too late.—Mrs. Adj. Thorildson.



An Important Industry.

The Sad End of the Frenchman who Discovered the Art of Hermetically Sealing Food—To-Day Canners are Everywhere in Canada and the United States, and Supply a Great Portion of the Food of the Civilized World.

Sixty years ago, a very old man—he was ninety-one—lay on his death-bed in Paris, neglected, alone. He had long before spent the last of 12,000 francs awarded him by Napoleon for the discovery of a method of preserving certain foods without robbing them of their natural qualities and juices. On his tombstone in Pere La Chaise is his name—Nicholas Appert. His male descendants to-day bear the title of Chevalier, in honor of their ancestor, who was the father of the canned goods industry. If Appert could but look upon the development of the industry he founded, he might travel through the United States and Canada and find canneries in each State or Province. In Maine he would find the people monopolizing the business of canning sardines and lobsters. In Massachusetts he would find the great baked-bean canning center. In New York he would find the greatest corn canneries in the world. In Baltimore, the "cradle of the canning industry," he would find the principal pineapple and corn canneries; and in Maryland twenty-five per cent. of all the canneries in the United States, giving this State first place in the industry. In Florida the people would show him the canning of turtle meat; in Mississippi and Texas the canning of green peas. California would dazzle him with her marvels in canned fruits; and in Ontario tomatoes are tinned in great quantities. All these things, and many more quite as wonderful, would he see during his tour, from the canning of condiments and mince-meat for sale in New York, to the great "sardine pack" on the Pacific Coast.

The principal articles canned in North America are the one in order named: tomatoes, corn, milk, oysters, corned beef, salmon, sardines, peaches, pears, apples, peas, pineapples, small fruits, and pumpkin. A train of 65,000 freight cars would be needed if a year's produce had to be moved as a whole. The canneries are of great importance to several industries: to the tin industry, for example, by buying over 2,000,000 boxes of tin plate annually; to the lumber industry, by purchasing 30,000,000 packing boxes; to the paper and printing industries, by using a label on every one of the more or less than 750,000,000 cans, representing the total annual output. Over 50,000 persons are employed in the conduct of this industry, and in the various industries upon which it depends for materials. The development of the canned goods trade has effected great changes in the relation of foods to seasons. Most of the chief farm products now come in a season. All kinds of fruits and vegetables are now to be had at all times of the year, not always, perhaps, with all the flavor of the freshly gathered article, but yet with much of their original freshness and flavor. The producer in the country is benefited by an enormous extension of his market, and the consumer, both in city and country, is provided with cheap, wholesome food in hitherto impossible quantities.

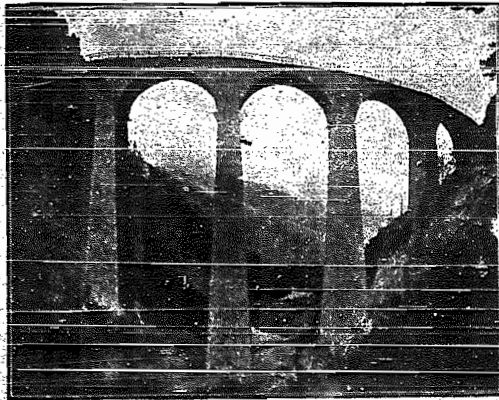
Many canneries divide the year's work into two parts—canning fruits and vegetables during the summer, and fish and oysters during the winter. Nearly sixty thousand persons are employed in 2,100 canneries, in which fruit and vegetables, fish and oysters are the products, the canneries being distributed in every fruit and vegetable raising locality, and in States in close proximity to fish and oyster supply. The total value of the produce (fruit, vegetables, fish, and oysters) in 1900 was \$2,350,000. The value of exports of canned, or preserved, fish amounted to \$4,000,000; of fruits \$3,000,000, and of vegetables \$1,000,000—a total of \$10,000,000 for the export trade in canned goods. The imports in the same year exceeded \$2,000,000.

The Canning and Preserving of Fruits and Vegetables.

ables gives employment to more women than men—the numbers being 20,000 women and 14,000 men. But it is only a matter of a year or two before these numbers will be reversed; for the introduction of new machinery is rapidly doing away with hand work. Between three and four thousand children are employed under the hand work system. These are, of course, averages for a year; for the number of hands is greater or smaller according to the season. In February, 1902, in all the fruit and vegetable canneries, the total number of persons employed did not exceed 6,000. But in September, when the canning season was at its height, nearly 12,000 were engaged. In August about 100,000 were employed, out in October the number had dwindled to less than 70,000. Before the opening of the canning season the operatives are usually employed in making cans, and after the season in labelling and packing. The canneries have been undoubtedly of vast advantage to farmers, for they purchase enormous quantities of farm products, thus stimulating the culture of fruits and vegetables.

SMELLING FOR A LIVING.

There are several trades which provide men and women with a good living simply because they enjoy an exceptionally keen sense of smell. Scent-makers, for example, need someone with a



Railway Viaduct, near Fillsur, Switzerland.

very delicate sense of smell to aid them in mixing the ingredients of perfumes in the proper proportions. Queen Alexandra's favorite perfume—Violet—costs \$10 per ounce-bottle, and it has to run the gauntlet of five professional "smellers" before it is passed as being correctly blended and ready for Her Majesty's use. Some of the leading firms of perfume-makers pay their "smellers" from \$14 to \$24 a week.

Contractors for the lighting of streets, large public buildings, and pleasure-grounds very often engage "smellers" to find escapes of gas, one skill being generally paid for each escape reported. Some of these men frequently made over \$2 in a single week, the result being that in many cases the fee has been reduced to 92. per escape reported.

The Water Rat.

If we wank along the bank of a stream or a pond, we shall probably hear a splash, and looking in its direction, may see a creature diving or swimming, which creature we call a water-rat; to the title of rat, however, it has but little right, and ought properly to be called the "water-weasel."

On examining the banks we shall find the entrance to its domicile, being a hole in the earth, just above the water, and generally, where possible, made just under a root or a large stone. Sometimes the hole is made at some height above the water, and then it often happens that the kingfisher takes possession, and there makes its home. Whether it ejects the rat or not I cannot say, but I should think that it is quite capable of doing so. Many a time I have seen the entrance to a rat-hole decorated with a few straws, which the rustics told me were the relics of fish brought there and eaten by the water-rat. But I soon found out that fish-bones were a sign of kingfishers, and not of rats; and so guided, found

plenty of the beautiful eggs of this beautiful bird. But the water-rat is a vegetable feeder, and I believe almost, if not entirely, a vegetarian in diet. That it is so in individual cases, at all events, I can personally testify, having seen the creature engaged in eating.

In former days, when I thought the water-rats ate fish, I waged war against them. However, a circumstance occurred which showed me that I had been wrong.

I saw a water-rat sitting on a kind of raft that had formed from a bundle of reeds which had been cut and were floating down the river. Seeing it busily at work feeding, I took it for granted that it was eating a captured fish, and shot it accordingly, smothering it dead on its reed raft.

On towing up to the spot, I was rather surprised to find that there was no fish there; and on examining the reeds, I rather wondered at the regular grooves cut by my shot. But a closer inspection revealed a very different state of things; namely, that the poor dead rat was quite innocent of fish eating, and had been gnawing the green bark from the reeds, the grooves being the marks left by its teeth. After this I gave up rat shooting on principle.

A Klondike Winter.

By W. G. Mahon.

Winter is approaching. It is the first day of October, and there is a general shifting about among the people. Some, grown wealthy, are leaving for a warmer clime, while those remaining are preparing for their winter work. The miners are getting their winter's outfit on hand, and the hunters and trappers are off to the hills, from which they will secure abundance of game and furs. The farmers and gardeners are busy taking care of their roots, while the woodmen are now working quickly, and from the adjacent hills and valleys will supply fuel for the city and mines. Storm doors and windows are again brought into use, fresh earth is added to the cabin roof, while fur coats, caps and mitts, with felt shoes and buckskin moccasins are to be seen on every hand.

Another month and winter has arrived. The rivers and lakes are frozen over, and the beautiful boats that have been plying between White Horse and St. Michael's are at rest in a sheltered slough. The snow falls thick and fast, and the temperature also falls low and hovers between zero and 70 below until about the middle of March. The overland stages are again in operation between White Horse and Dawson, and dog-teams that have been idle all summer are again on the move. The Mounted Police are to be seen on all the trails hunting the least, carrying mail, keeping order, and doing a hundred and one other things that nobody but themselves could do.

Our winter's scenery will depend on our point of view. If we are among the mines we will see constant streams of buckets laden with gold-bearing gravel being hoisted to the surface and piled up ready for the spring wash-up. Underground, by the light of our candles, we could see the men thawing the ground with steam and then filling the buckets I have just referred to. On the hunters' trails we would meet dog-trains laden with moose, caribou, and mountain sheep; while if we visited a trapper's den we would see hundreds of marten, wolf, beaver, otter, mink, and other skins. A visit to Dawson's wards would also give evidence much in evidence, and one might be well repaid to watch the making up of many of our six and eight-horse freight teams. From nature's standpoint you might stand on Dawson's streets, when the thermometer is 60 below zero, and you would see nothing but fog, but, on the other hand, if you were to ascend to a near-by hill you could look for a hundred miles through perfectly clear atmosphere to the main ranges of the Rocky Mountains, whose glaciers sparkle in the reflected sunlight, and whose whole outline presents a picture of beauty so grand to none on the American Continent. Yes, the hills and valleys of the whole Klondike present an appearance well calculated to make us admire the skill and handiwork of the Great Divine Architect.

But our five-hour winter day has been growing longer. The sun has been invisible to us in these valleys for two months, is smiling upon us again. The robin and the chickadee have arrived. Ducks, geese, swans, cranes, and even gulls from the distant ocean begin to appear. The snow disappears. The miners begin to sluice the gold. The hills are covered with wild roses and hundreds of other flowers. The grizzly and silver-tip bear wakes up, and almost before you know it the winter is gone.

STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES.

Celery originated in Germany. The chestnut came from Italy. The onion originated in Egypt. Tobacco is a native of Virginia. The citron is a native of Greece. Oats originated in North Africa. The poppy originated in the East. Rye came, originally, from Siberia. Parsley was first known in Sardinia. The pear and apple are from Europe. Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia. The sunflower is a native of Persia. The mulberry tree originated in Persia. Horse-radish is from southern Europe. The walnut and peach came from Persia. The horse-chestnut is a native of Tibet. The cucumber came from the East Indies. The radish is a native of China and Japan.



GEO FOX

THE RED-HOT-QUAKER.

Chapter IV.—(Continued.)

IN Derby, George stayed in the house of a doctor, whose wife had been converted through him. While there, he learned there was to be a great lecture, to which many people were going. So George determined to go, too. When the service was quite over, he got up and addressed the people, and told them what he believed the Lord required of them. They were most attentive, but a policeman came and arrested him, telling him he must appear before the magistrates.

The magistrates asked him a great many questions, among others:

"Are you sanctified?"

"Yes," answered George.

Then they wanted to know if he had no sin, to which he replied:

"Christ, my Saviour, has taken away my sin, and in Him there is no sin."

Then they asked how he knew that Christ abode in his heart, and they told:

"By His Spirit, which He has given us."

Next he was scoffingly asked if he were Christ.

"Nay," he said, "I am nothing at all. Christ is all."

When they were tired of asking him questions, they sentenced him to six months' imprisonment in the Derby House of Correction.

As soon as George was safely under lock and key, the different clergy busied themselves in preaching against the possibility of living without sin, and warning their people against George Fox and his false doctrines. These preachings were as good as a public advertisement, and led a great many to take an interest in the Quakers who would not otherwise have done so. Such a religion as George's, which ran counter, in some way or other, to every known or rather "taught," creed, was sure to create opposition. It was about this time that the converts of George Fox began to be called Quakers. It was asserted that they performed their worship with shakings and tremblings, and that they taught that this was necessary!

The keeper of Derby prison was known as a very religious man. At first, he was very bitter against George, and also exceedingly cruel to him. But the Lord opened his eyes. One day, he said to his wife:

"Wife, I have seen the Day of Judgment, and I saw George Fox there, and I was afraid of him, because I had done him so much wrong, and had spoken so against him to ministers and professors."

On the evening of that day, he went down to the prison and apologized to George, told him henceforth he would treat him differently, and finished by asking him to his house. So he took him and lodged him that night. Next day, the jailer went to the magistrates and told them he had been much plagued on account of this man, whereupon one of them replied that he, too, had suffered through keeping him in prison. Orders were given that George should be allowed to walk where he liked, so long as he kept within a mile of the prison. He easily saw what the jailer acknowledged afterwards to be true—that they wanted him to run away. This he declined to do.

His relations, hearing of his plight, visited him, and offered to the magistrates bail, promising them that George would not go near Derby, nor trouble the clergy again. They were heartily ashamed of him, and some of them firmly believed he was mad. Needless to say, when George was asked to agree to

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this, he decidedly refused, on the ground that he was innocent. Then he knelt down in the court and began to pray that God would forgive the magistrates. One of them, jumping up from the bench in a fury, beat him with both hands, and cried:

"Away with him, jailer; take him away!"

And back poor George went to the filthy prison, where he laid with thirty felons till his time was up.

While in Derby prison, George contracted a habit which stuck to him all his life—that of writing letters to various magistrates and people in position. He pestered the Derby magistrates with letters till those not very worthy men did not know what to do, and, to use one of George's own expressions, were "much exercised in spirit." They thought of shipping him to Ireland, or sending him to London to be tried by the Parliament. Others even tried to persuade him to be a soldier! At last, after much thought, he was set free, having been in Derby jail about twelve months.

During these twelve months, however, the seed he had sown had not lain fallow. Several of his followers and converts had been led out into Gospel preaching, and slowly, but surely, the work was spreading all over the North of England.

Before we follow George any further, we will stop and take a look at some of his earliest friends and followers.

(To be continued.)

Sanctification.

By the General.

IT CAN BE ATTAINED.—(Continued.)

Does the Bible show in any way that men can be entirely sanctified?

Christ and the inspired writers of the Bible pray that saints should be thus holy.

"Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy word is truth."—John xvii. 17.

In what other way does the Bible insist on entire sanctification?

The Bible declares that salvation from sin is the purpose of the life and death of Jesus Christ.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matt. i. 21.

"Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—Titus ii. 14.

"How much more shall the blood of Christ, Who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?"—Heb. ix. 14.

"For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil."—1 John iii. 8.

"Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."—Eph. v. 25, 26, 27.

Have you any further argument to show that God's people can be pure in heart in this life?

Yes; the experience of God's people shows this.

Can you give the names of any Bible characters who seem to have enjoyed this experience?

Yes; Enoch, and Moses, and Job, and many others; but we simply name the Apostle Paul, and give his experience in his own words.

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—Phil. i. 21.

"Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ."—1 Cor. xi. 1.

"And be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."—Phil. iii. 9.

"Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblameably we behaved ourselves among you that believed."—1 Thess. ii. 10.

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."—2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8.

Is there any other argument to prove that it is possible to enjoy this experience?

Yes; we think that all Christians will admit that in those moments when they realize the greatest nearness to God, they feel the strongest urgings of the Spirit to present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God.

TELL ME ABOUT THE MASTER

Tell me about the Master!

I am weary and worn to-night,
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light!
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west;
My poor heart is weary, awary,
And longs, like a child, for rest.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the hills He in loneliness trod,
When the tears and the blood of His anguish
Dropped down on Judea's sod.
For to me life's seventy mile-stones
But a sorrowful journey mark:
Rough lies the hill country before me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!

Of the wrongs He freely forgave;
Of His love and tender compassion,
Of His power that was mighty to save.
For my heart is awary, awary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the terror that stalks in the noonday,
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow

Or pain or temptation be all,
The infinite Master has suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.
So tell me the sweet old story
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And my heart that was bruised and broken
Shall grow patient and strong and calm.

We often invest others out of our own minds with a beauty or an ugliness which they do not really possess.

Italian antiquaries say that the person who invented spectacles was Salvo, who died in 1318. His epitaph reads: "Here lies Salvo Arnato de Armiti, of Florence, the inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins."

"Of the practical common sense, the readiness for every form of usefulness of my officers, the world has no conception. Still it is capable of understanding the height and depth of their self-sacrificing devotion to the poor."—General Booth.

"In Prison and Ye Came Unto Me."

Three Prison Services—The Central, the Don Jail, and the Mercer—Fifty Seekers for Salvation.

It is almost a year since we received permission to conduct weekly services in the Toronto Jail, as well as interview prisoners in their cells and corridors. At our first meeting a number publicly asked for prayer, one of them being an old man, a drunkard for fifty years. On his discharge Staff-Capt. Fraser secured him employment; and last accounts state he was still doing well. Our service last Tuesday afternoon was much owned of God: Mrs. Staff-Capt. Fraser, in a few well-chosen words, spoke to them from her heart. The singing was excellent, and would be hard to beat. At the close eight prisoners desired to take Christ into their life.

The Central.

We conduct on an average of six services per month at the above institution, which has been kindly arranged by the Warden, Dr. Gilmour, and some wonderful times have been realized within the walls of the prison. The singing at the Central is a speciality also, the "Glory Song" being one of their favorites, but they love the Army songs as well. We sang together again and again—

"He's able and willing to save."

At the close of the invitation thirty-two men expressed their desire to realize the truth of the above chorus.

The Mercer.

There are 700 prisoners incarcerated in the Toronto jails, so that our readers will by this get some idea of the wide field of labor we have amongst this class of men and women. At the Mercer we had a most helpful service. Staff-Capt. Fraser read from the good book, "Ask and ye shall have, seek and ye shall find." The writer pulled in with the result that ten women and girls made signs of desiring to live a better life.

May God help and save our unfortunate brothers and sisters who have fallen in the battle of life, pray—Joseph S. Pugmire, Lieut.-Colonel.

T. H. Q. Specials.

The Editor spent a Sunday at Lippincott. Adj. Habkirk, who has just taken charge, is hopeful. Barndaster Cosway, who has also been recently appointed, is taking hold well, and doubtless will bring the band to a high state of efficiency as well as spirituality. He gave a splendid testimony. The holiness meeting was a hallowed time, sealed by the full surrender of two souls. The night meeting brought a good crowd, which paid splendid attention. Quite a few officers took part in this meeting, among these Adj. Collier, Mrs. Staff-Captains McLean, Artwell, and Simco. Two souls sought salvation. The prayer meeting was a hard battle.

Dovercourt was honored by a visit from Brigadier Southall, assisted at night by Mrs. Southall. The Brigadier was delighted with the crowds, respecting numbers as well as intelligence. The band played and prayed well. The songsters made their debut in a creditable manner. A splendid spirit prevailed throughout the day, and one soul came forward at night.

PETROLIA'S ANNIVERSARY.

Brigadier Hargrave, assisted by Major Creighton, conducted the anniversary meetings at Petrolia. The Brigadier's addresses were of the right sort—interesting and to the point. Many up-to-date testimonies were given, and best of all, nine souls found their way to the mercy seat. Mayor Noble presided on Monday night, and with other speakers highly commended the work of the Army. The Brigadier's remarks were much appreciated.

ciated by the audience, which followed him closely. The banquet was a fine spread, and great credit is due to the workers. The income for the week-end was very satisfactory. —Ensign LeCocq.

THE RANTERS AT BRANTFORD.

Thirteen Souls.

A remarkable week-end campaign was conducted by the "Jolly Ranters" at the "Impudent City."

Saturday night's musicale was a big success—the new songs, solos, selections on saxophone, mandolin, guitars, and cornet caught on immensely, and at the close one man sought Christ.

Sunday was a never-to-be-forgotten day. God's power was manifested in a marvelous manner. Splendid crowds, at night building gorged, and, best of all, eleven souls knelt at the mercy seat.

Finished with old-time ranter wind-up. Finances nearly \$27.

Adj. and Mrs. Kendall are to be congratulated on the enterprising way they advertised the campaign.

The Ranters comprised Adj. Morris, Ensign Owen, Capt. DeBow and Mardall, and Bro. Alex. McMillan.—Rantorius.

FROM UNCLE SAM'S DOMAIN.

The Commander has issued a special appeal to raise \$20,000 in the interest of the Social Work. The officers of all ranks have responded out of their limited funds with \$5,000 already.

The Commander conducted a great meeting in the Empire Theatre, Boston, which building was crowded to its utmost capacity. Thirty-one souls came forward.

Lieut.-Colonel McIntyre is now quite installed in his office as Field Secretary, assisted by Major Stanyon. Mrs. Stanyon retains the oversight of the Slum Work.

Major John Milsaps left New York for his appointment in the East Indian Field.

THEIR FIRST BATTLE IN THE WEST INDIES.

Colonel and Mrs. Lindsay, the new commanders of the West Indies, have met with a hearty reception. The Kingston Town Hall was crowded to excess and twenty-five souls came to the penitent form.

The Mayor of Kingston presided at the public welcome on Monday, Feb. 15th. Many representative citizens were present. The Archbishop sent a letter of greeting, in which he said:

"I value highly the sympathetic and practical efforts made by the Army in the Social section of its work carried on for the physical, moral, and spiritual benefit of those who are not reached by other agencies, and I hope that this work may continue to prosper under your administration."

UNIFORM IN NORWAY.

Salvationists in Norway love their uniform. A nurse girl, or the servant running out for the milk would not think of going out without her uniform; an Army band around her hat. The drummer of a corps in Christiania, the Capital of Norway, is a milkman, and always wears his red jersey in the milk shop.

We note that the Canadian Government is sending a large quantity of flour to relieve the famine-stricken people of Japan. The sum of \$25,000 is being expended upon this scheme. Each bag will contain directions for making bread, and a sample of yeast, to encourage the Japs to adopt our methods. At present they make macaroni out of flour, which is not so substantial as bread.



Sunday, March 18th.—Prepare to Meet God.—Amos 1: 1, vi. 1-17.
Monday, March 19th.—Famine.—Amos 9: 4-27; vi. 1-14.
Tuesday, March 20th.—Fleeing from God.—Jonah 1: 1-13.
Wednesday, March 21st.—Strange Prayer Chamber.—Jonah 1: 14-17; ii. 1-10.
Thursday, March 22nd.—Wounded Self-Love.—Jonah iii. 1-10; iv. 1-11.
Friday, March 23rd.—Source of Power.—Micah 1: 1-16; ii. 1-13.
Saturday, March 24th.—Threefold Cord.—Micah iv. 1-13; vi. 6-16.

The Stranger Within Our Gates.

It is not an opportune moment to ask our readers to pray for the many who are pouring into our country from over the seas? Let us add to our petitions earnest requests for spiritual as well as material blessing; to rest upon the thousands whom the Army, and other agencies, are bringing into this great country during the coming weeks.

They are coming from the hills of Scotland, the towns and villages of England and Ireland, picturesque mandarin, industrious Germany, oppressed Russia, and many other lands. How lonely are these strangers from Europe when they come amongst us.

In turning their steps to the land of the setting sun they have left their dear ones behind in the motherlands. They have severed all the sweet associations of childhood and sundered all the tender ties of their early lives. If the citizens of our Empire, of our own blood and speaking our own language, are lonely, how much greater the desolation and homelessness of those who come from foreign shores, who speak a different tongue, who have lived in an environment and been accustomed to ways and modes of life diverse to Canadian customs and habits.

I have seen them so often in the waiting-rooms and railway trains on their journeys to the West; the men, some with expectancy, some with anxiety upon their faces; the women, quaintly dressed and weary; the babies fretful and frightened, and the little children with bright eyes filled with interrogation and wonder, as it asking what the future in this unknown land holds for them. How grateful are these lonely mothers for a kind service and sympathetic smile, even when they are totally ignorant of the language in which they are addressed.

Many of these newcomers have been earnest Christians in their former homes, and in the stress and strain and the disappointment many will meet with in the new country, they especially need the strengthening upholding influence of the Christian religion. To hear the same old story and sing the same old songs of praise that are associated with their early days will comfort them and fortify them with courage for life's battles as nothing else can do.

Then, of course, there are many to whom liberty means license, and in the freedom of Western pioneer life they will throw aside all restraint, and if not brought under the power of the Gospel truth will become a menace to Canada. They will undermine our Christian institutions, and the sacredness of our Sabbath and the sanctity of our home life.

We, perhaps, do not realize how much we owe our forefathers, the early settlers of our country, for their unyielding courage and faith. The seed of American greatness was sown in the blood of the old Puritan fathers of the "Mayflower," in the godly simplicity of their home life, and their establishment of public worship. And our own fair Canada is reaping the harvest of the true, pure lives of the sturdy pioneers who set up the family altars in the rude log cabins, and at the cost of much sacrifice, sang the praises of God by the dim light of the lantern in the old log schoolhouse and in the forest.

We as a Christian nation, are responsible for the welfare, spiritual welfare, of the "strangers within our gates."

Let us pray, and give our substance that the Gospel may be speedily brought to all these new comers.

The old Levitical law is very clear and emphatic as to the duty of the Israelites towards the strangers. "Thou shalt not vex a stranger, nor oppress him" (Ex. xxii. 31), said Moses, speaking for Jehovah. "Thou shalt not oppress a stranger, for ye know the heart of the stranger." (Ex. xxiii. 9.)

They were enjoined to "Love ye, therefore, the stranger: for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." (Deut. x. 19.) And Jesus, who came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil it, promised to count the courtesy and love extended to the stranger as service rendered to Himself. He says in Matthew xxv. 35: "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

These little children are to be instructed and educated. These young men and maidens are to have the standard of a high ideal of Christian citizenship set before them. They are the future citizens of this great continent, and we must help them to seek and maintain that righteousness which "exalts a nation."

WAR & GRY

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THE GAZETTE

Appointments—

STAFF-CAPT. D. CREIGHTON to be Representative for Immigration at Montreal.

STAFF-CAPT. MOORE to be Chancellor, East Ontario Province.

ADJT. HATTIE YEREX to the Children's Home, Toronto.

ADJT. WILLIAM ORCHARD to Montreal II.

ENSIGN JENNIE CULBERT to Moose Jaw.

ENSIGN BARRY to Cornwall.

ENSIGN B. COY to Montreal IV.

ENSIGN ARTHUR SHEARD to Picton.

ENSIGN WILSON to Sudbury.

Promotions—

Lieut. Georgina McMasters to be Captain.

Lieut. Eliza McWilliams to be Captain.

Lieut. I. Crowell to be Captain.

Lieut. Ernest Fallie to be Captain.

Lieut. Ida Luther to be Captain.

Lieut. Wm. Emery to be Captain.

Lieut. Mary Davidson to be Captain.

Lieut. Tom Rickard to be Captain.

Lieut. Lizzie Garside to be Captain.

Lieut. Deborah Varnall to be Captain.

Lieut. John Davis to be Captain.

Lieut. Elizabeth Duncan to be Captain.

Lieut. Arthur Loder to be Probationary Captain.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Army from the time he left his former home until he reaches his new home, and in some of them we will be interested for some time afterwards in various ways. We are pleased that the expeditions and economical plan of the Army has recommended itself to all who are capable of judging affairs of this description. Railway and steamboat men, with large experiences both, are deeply interested in our way of doing things, and many are meeting the Kensington to personally observe it.

We extend a warm welcome to our new compatriots and pray that all who come in contact with them will kindly remember that to many the change will be very marked, and it will require a little time for them to relinquish some of their old habits and ideas, before they acquire those of this country. Patience and kindness will be the very best means of assimilating all into the "nation of the twentieth century."

THE TORONTO NEWS LETTERS

The Commissioner is on the war path again. Lindsay and London will each receive a visit from him, and "The Shadow of the Cross" will be the theme of the Sunday night meeting in each of these places. There is no question that full houses are practically assured, and we are also certain the meetings will be deeply impressive.

Then there will be a united dedication service at the Temple on Thursday, March 20th, conducted by the Commissioner, and on Good Friday an "All Day at the Cross," at the Temple. The Commissioner will spend Easter Sunday at the new and thriving baby corps at Toronto Junction.

There is quite a lot of sickness among our dear officers at this time of the year, and the Women's Social Staff have recently had, according to their numbers, the largest share of it. Mrs. Adj. Adams is still very poorly indeed, while our latest news of Adj. Hicks goes to show that she is making very slow progress towards recovery. Mrs. Adjutant Payne has very indifferent health, and the loss of her dear boy has very much prostrated her. Staff-Capt. McDonald, we regret, is not yet able to take her appointment. Pray for these dear comrades, and all who are suffering, that they may be speedily restored.

Mrs. Southall, the Secretary for the Women's Social Work, has for a long time been far from well, and it has only been her great love for her work, and her desire to spare Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs extra anxiety, that she has held on until now. She, however, feels that she must relinquish her post at the front. This enforced retirement from her work will be deeply regretted by the Women's Social Officers, and shared by officers and soldiers throughout the ranks, and earnest prayers will ascend to heaven that the healing hand of our loving Father may be laid upon her so that she may speedily be ready for any work God and her leaders may have for her to do.

Our readers will naturally ask what arrangements are to be made to fill the post vacated by Mrs. Southall. At present we are not in a position to say, but the Commissioner has the matter in hand, and has arranged, for the time being, for all communications affecting the Women's Social Work to be addressed to Mrs. Coombs, who will give this branch of Women's Work her special attention, while not neglecting the claims of other branches. It is a matter of gratitude to God that Mrs. Coombs' health is so far improved as to enable

her to take an active interest in all branches of our Women's Work. This announcement will be received with joy, and comrades all over the Territory will send up thanksgiving to God for His great goodness to the Commissioner and his dear wife, and at the same time pray that increased strength and health may be given to Mrs. Coombs.

This is the second edition on the new Duplex Press recently purchased for the S. A. Printing Office. Instead of a slow process involving days of work on two presses, we now run off the entire edition in less than two days—cut and folded ready for shipment. Considering the great increase in the cost of production (rise in wages and prices of material) this is a timely step towards economy.

Galt's new S. A. building is to be opened next Sunday by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin. His Worship the Mayor will preside on the occasion.

Sixty-two Cadets have started the new session of the Training College. Singularly, they are evenly divided between the sexes—thirty-one men and thirty-one women. This is the largest attendance on record.

Mr. Collier, of the Tailoring Department, is exceedingly busy, working day and night almost to meet the demand. Present orders will keep him going for the month.

The Merchandise Section of the Trade Department also is rushed. The month of February, usually a dull month, has been a very busy one. Musical instruments from our own factory are becoming more and more popular, even with outsiders. "The Prophet of the Poor" sells well. A fine line of waterproofs at \$7.50 and \$10 is a quick seller, giving excellent satisfaction. Summer hats are selling now; there is a good stock on hand, but I advise you to order early.

Brigadier Turner is contemplating some more new openings. Capt. Webber, of T. H. Q., is still in the hospital, but is improving. Adj. Hyde, after a lengthy furlough, is going to take an appointment. Staff-Capt. McLean has had an eminently successful tour in West Ontario, and is going to the Northwest.

The Inquiry Department has located eight cases in February. One was a prodigal who had left England and had lived a reckless life in Canada since arriving here. At the request of his heart-broken parents he was searched for and located. He is now in the care of a Shelter officer, and his friends have entrusted to our care a sum of money which is to be given him as he may need it.

Glancing through the various reports we find that last Christmas altogether 22,000 free meals were given by the Army in Canada to the poor. In one Province eighty-three of these families benefited were added to our visitation list, and out of these fifty-two have become regular attendants of our meetings, two found salvation, and twenty-one children now come to our junior meetings.

The Young People's Campaign has resulted in the following: 60 new Corps-Cadets; 171 new members of the B. O. L.; 80 new J. S. companies formed, and an increase of over twelve hundred in the attendance at our J. S. and B. O. L. meetings.

Brigadier Howell has left for Halifax to meet the Kensington. He will have on hand a staff of workers, who will receive the passengers on disembarkation and take charge of the various sections, arranging for immediate transportation to their destination.

Staff-Captain Patterson has sailed on the Southwark for the Old Country to return with the next boatload of immigrants. He has with him applications for the entire assignment.

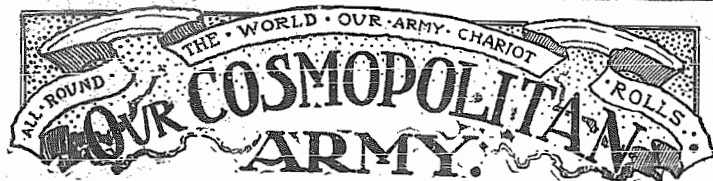
EDITORIALS

The Second S. A. Transient Ship.

The S.S. Kensington will bring the second shipload of British emigrant under complete S. A. management to Canada. The first boat chartered by the Army was the S.S. Vancouver, and that transatlantic proved so satisfactory at the time to all parties concerned that it was decided to charter three boats for this season. Already this has proved insufficient for our demand and negotiations for a fourth ship are going on.

The Kensington will bring a load of what the Hon. J. P. Whitney termed "hand-picked" Britishers, which will be above the average immigrant in health and intelligence, and prove a valuable acquisition to Canada. The passengers are selected, received and embarked by us. The Employment and Immigration Bureau conducted by S. A. officers on board finds for every immigrant who come to seek employment a position, and informs him of the address of his employer, nature of work—almost entirely farm work—the wages, etc. On disembarkation the immigrants are divided into parties, according to their destination, and a staff of officers is waiting to take charge of each party, and an officer goes with each section to the nearest distributing centre. In this way, without loss of time, as well as at the least expense to all concerned, every immigrant will reach his place in this country in the quickest possible way.

Each passenger of the steamer, therefore, has been under the care of the Salvation



THE GENERAL

Addresses the Members of the Royal Colonial Institute.

When the General, a few weeks ago, opened the Army's new Emigration Offices in Queen Victoria Street, London, Sir Frederick Young, Vice-President of the Royal Colonial Institute, commended the General's plans for dealing with the deserving unemployed. He also expressed the hope that the General would soon have an opportunity of laying his plans for emigration before the members of the Colonial Institute.

That opportunity has quickly presented itself, and on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 20th, the General, in response to an invitation from the committee of the Institute addressed the members of that society at the Hotel Metrople.

Sir Frederick Young was in the chair on this interesting occasion.

A full report of the proceedings will appear next week.

BRITISH NEWS.

The General had a rousing reception at Stockport, where he conducted a week-end campaign, being received at the station by the Mayor of the city, who drove him to the meeting. On his way, the Mayor said to our leader:

"General, the neighborhood in which your hall is built has undergone a thorough change since your people took up their abode there. It used to be a drunken, low district, but nothing short of a revolution has taken place."

On Sunday the meetings were conducted in the Armory, the biggest hall available. One hundred and forty-seven seekers came to the mercy seat during the week-end.

The Chief of the Staff has conducted great Young People's Councils in Belfast, Ireland. During the afternoon and night meetings 114 young people definitely surrendered to Christ and His service.

The Chief also spent a whole day with the new Cadets which have just entered the International Training Home for a ten-months' session.

Mrs. Booth was one of the leading speakers at a notable gathering in connection with the National League for Physical Education and Improvement at Bristol in the interest of physical development. Her speech, which was clear, logical, and full of excellent points, was concluded with a beautiful personal remark, in which she said:

"Let us all be pure ourselves in mind and thought. We can only be pure by having a pure heart. Well might the Saviour say—it was true philosophy as well as inspiration—'Blessed are the pure in heart.' Purity is a spirit, purity is a stream which proceeds from a pure heart as from its source. That purity for which I plead can only be obtained by a change of heart through the power of the Holy Ghost. Let us not forget that God sent His Son not to be a Reformer, but to be a Redeemer; not preach reformation merely, but to preach regeneration."

A SWISS CAMPAIGN.

The Campaign which Commissioner Booth-Tucker is conducting in Switzerland continues with increasing interest and remarkable results.

Chaux-de-Fonds, with its three feet of snow, gave the Commissioner a rousing re-

ception, which included a brass band and a torch-light procession. The Public Hall was packed out.

Berne, where the week-end was spent, has been "better than the best." The building was crowded, and the Commissioner's addresses were full of power and of the Holy Ghost. Both saints and sinners were greatly moved.

The first seeker at night rushed to the mercy seat while the Commissioner was speaking.

At the close of the day one hundred surrenders had been recorded, making a total of 215 for the campaign.—Suks-Singh, Lieut.-Colonel.

SWISS THIEVES AND FORGERS AT THE CROSS.

A Revival has broken out at Herisau, in German-Switzerland, where it has hitherto been very difficult to get people to the penitential form.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF GENERAL BOOTH.

A great number of sinners have come to God, acknowledging theft, forgery, and even confessing to sins committed thirty years ago. Several have brought money to our officers, asking them to make restitution to the people from whom it was stolen.

In German-Switzerland, the latest opening is Zolbruck, in the Berner Division. In two months 150 people have been converted, forty of whom have already become soldiers.

At Montreux, French-Switzerland, which was opened on January 9th, twenty-five sinners have already been converted, and a glorious soul-saving work continues.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL ANNIVERSARY IN STOCKHOLM.

At the Sixteenth Anniversary of the Slum and Rescue Work, conducted by Commissioner Rees in the Temple at Stockholm, the

Secretary, Brigadier Elizabeth Liljegen, spoke of a year's progress.

During the twelve months 235 women had been received in the Homes; 193 situations had been found for servants through the Registry Office at our Servants' Home. The Women's Metropole had also provided work for a great number of poor women. Our Six Day Nurseries are doing excellent work in the cities, as well as in finding homes in the country for homeless children.

"There never was greater sympathy with the Slum and Rescue Work in Sweden," said the Brigadier, "than at present."

CONVERSIONS AMONG THE DUTCH GARRISON.

A glorious work is in progress among the military at Batavia, the Capital of Java, quite a number of whom have sought salvation.

The converted lads have already hired a house, which they have fitted up as an Army Military Home. They have also made themselves responsible for the rent.

At Samarang Mrs. Brigadier Von Rossum is regularly holding meetings for soldiers with encouraging results.

A good number of civilians also attend these meetings. On a recent Sunday night a family of father, mother, and grown-up daughter, and two soldiers, sought salvation.

Much interest has been created and many new people attracted to our halls by special meetings at which a free meal was provided.

On separate occasions recently two hundred soldiers, two hundred Javanese children, two hundred Chinese children, and one hundred and fifty Eurasian children were entertained.

INDIAN ITEMS.

On the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Madras, 250 Army children, from various schools in the district, occupied a stand on the route of the procession.

The Army Flag was greatly in evidence, and it was remarked that the children belonging to the Salvationists shouted more lustily than any others on the route.

Lieut.-Colonel Hira Singh reports a remarkable awakening at a corps named Pedapadu, where there is also an Army Village Bank.

On the occasion of the Colonel's visit a few weeks ago the villagers made a general holiday, and in the presence of the entire population twelve families were enrolled as Salvationists.

These converts—about fifty in all—were given new names, and several of their children were publicly dedicated under the blood-and-fire flag.

NEW AUSTRALIAN SHELTER.

A wine shop and additional premises have been secured for Army purposes in Exhibition Street, Melbourne.

This acquisition is all the more gratifying as it removes an awkward difficulty.

Commissioner McKie has been anxious to utilize the old warehouse at the rear of the Territorial Headquarters as a Woman's Shelter, but the absence of sufficient yard space made this impossible.

The new premises that have now been secured will remove this obstacle and allow the Shelter scheme to go ahead.

SPECIAL EVENTS.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin at Yorkville.

We were highly pleased to have with us last Sunday the General Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin. Our anticipations ran high, for he is a noted warrior of the cross.

Last Sunday the Colonel excelled himself. In the morning and afternoon he spoke with much power and enthusiasm, and none the less so at night. In the morning he spoke of the armor of the soul, as exemplified in hope, obedience, patience, and faith. In the afternoon he spoke on the need of exercising great faith in God's power to save and to keep.

The climax came at night, when the Colonel spoke with very much earnestness, presenting to us in a very convincing and forcible manner "the man whom God calls a fool," and showing us the necessity and wisdom of seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.

Mrs. Gaskin spoke kind words of encouragement and urged us to press on in the fight for God and souls, and words of exhortation to the sinners and backsliders to "get right with God."

The blessing and power of God was made manifest all day and demonstrated in the salvation of two precious souls. Our opin-ions continue good, and our finances also. Come again, Colonel, J. E. Jarvis, Secretary.

The Light Brigade.

Let on by Brigadier Turner. They Charge the Enemy and Capture 91 Prisoners—Their not to reason why, Thine but to do and die—

Attack at Montreal IV. and Encounter at Cornwall.

The Light Brigade is composed of a band of young men and women who are on their way to the Training Camp in Toronto.

Their first meeting took the form of a farewell at No. IV. corps, Montreal, and a great time it proved to be. In the afternoon Brigadier Turner conducted an officers' council, at which some twenty-five were present.

Tea was provided, and then came the never-to-be-forgotten meeting, as far as the Cadets were concerned. Although a fierce snow-storm raged all the evening, yet the brigade was packed and Brigadier Turner was as at his very best. The close sixteen souls were found at the mercy seat. It truly was a Pentecost all time. Ensign and Mrs. Coy. who are succeeding Ensign Sheard and Capt. Davis, were in the best of spirits. After much hand-shaking and not a few tears, and a thousand "God bless you's" the meeting closed.

Early Thursday morning the G.T.R. depot was a busy place, as the Salvation Army was accompanied by a crowd of friends, who were on the spot to bid good-bye to the Cadets. "God be with you," was sung, and as the train pulled out a last good-bye was said. Thus ended the Montreal chapter.

Montreal IV. sending six Cadets—three men and three women; No. I. is sending two—both women; No. II. is sending two—both boys; making ten for Montreal alone.

Some of the Cadets have never been outside of Montreal, and the short trip down to Cornwall, their next stopping-place, was full of interest. One young man, evidently well connected, although under the influence of drink, requested one of the members to sing, "My name in mother's prayer." Evidently it touched the right spot.

Cornwall was at last reached and Ensign Burray and his wife came to greet the distinguished visitors. After a hurried survey we all found our way to the barracks. The night was a bitter cold one, but Ensign and Mrs. Burray had made the meeting well known, and consequently a full house greeted the Brigadier and Cadets as they filed in to their seats on the platform. With Brigadier Turner in charge all is safe. The meeting went with spirit and life, and at the close two were found at the mercy seat. This session is not coming any near to the Garrison, but it is hoped that this meeting will give them an appetite for this kind of business.

At Cornwall two Cadets joined us, who have been sent out by Ottawa II.; both are women.

Next day, Friday, at 9.30, the Brigadier met the Cadets and spent a profitable hour with them. The winter chance to be present and only wished it were his privilege to accompany the Brigadier right through. At 12 we were all to be at the depot, and was five minutes we were again saying to our next appointment—Morrisburg. At this place the writer parted with the Brigade, and the happenings of further engagements will be chronicled by other pens.

—Sheard

The Battle at Kingston.

On Wednesday evening Brigadier Turner, Ensign Gilliam, of Montreal, and thirteen Cadets, on their way to the Training College, stopped off here and conducted a special meeting. Adj. Jennings, Immigration Agent, of St. John's, and a number of other persons were present. The most impressive and assisted it on the

solemn meetings held here for many years. God's Spirit took hold of the people and worked wonders. Eighteen came out to the penitent form.

A Great Victory at Pictou.

Brigadier Turner, accompanied by thirteen Cadets, on their way to the Training College, visited Pictou for a week-end. They were enthusiastically received by the populace, and large crowds literally thronged the streets to listen to the open-air meetings. The Chief of Police declared that nothing like it had been seen there for twenty-eight years. The Town Hall was filled with appreciative audiences, and the meetings were full of power. The Brigadier was divinely upheld, and souls came to God in every meeting. On Sunday night the climax was reached. After a hard fight the fire got and singers from all parts of the building yielded to the convictions of the Spirit. Appeals for prayer were manifested on all sides. We wound up the most remarkable day that Pictou ever witnessed. Fifty-five souls in the fountain. Ensign Gilliam and other officers rendered good service.—Ensign Edwards.

(To be continued.)

The Siege.

A Big Success at Sydney, C.B.—A Packed-Out Hall—Two Nights' Rally, the Scenic Service Being Repeated by Request—\$50.00 Income.

This very interesting and impressive service more than delighted the people of Sydney, and at the first service, given in the Citadel on Saturday night, after standing-room was taken up, a number went away unable to get in. For the benefit of those who were so disappointed, as well as a number of the clerks in stores and shops, the service was repeated at their request.

Mrs. Burt (nee Capt. Richards), ably filled the chair and took charge of the opening of the service. After some special singing and selections by the string band, the four scenes in "Rock of Ages" were shown. A suitable solo, a duet, and then a trio, were sung by Sergt-Major LeCras, Secretary McKenna, and the McLean Sisters. The special choir sang with much feeling, while the angels beckoned toward the cross. Capt. M. James did the part of "Tempter," while Mrs. Trickey and your humble servant took the other parts. The solemn lessons taught will not likely be forgotten for some time. The huge crowd (many standing) remained for the entire service, after which an appeal was made there and then for volunteers to come to the cross. The night following the first service four men and women gladly yielded to Christ, and then stood up promising to take a stand as brave soldiers of the cross. Another enrolment of campaign converts is soon to take place.—N. R. Trickey.

The Bioscope in West Ontario Province.

Letter from Staff-Capt. McLean.

Just a few lines to say that the Bioscope Party had a very successful trip through West Ontario for the past six weeks. At every place visited the people were delighted with the pictures, and we have many invitations to return at an early date. We have had lovely crowds at most of the corps, and the officers deserve much credit for the successful way they have pushed the service.

I am glad to say that we have had a very successful time in soul-saving as well. We had souls every Sunday, also had quite a number during the week. After the moving pictures at Norwich we had five out for salvation. Praise God, fifty-three souls came forward during the trip.

Envoy Hodges is well, body and soul, and your humble servant as well, and we are pushing ahead, doing all we can for the Kingdom, and are full of expectation for a grand time on our Western trip.—J. S. McLean, Staff-Capt.

A Highway Robbery.

Staff-Captain Hay Speaks at Victoria, B.C., on an Old Story.

On Sunday night we had a real live "special" to lead the meeting—Staff-Capt. Hay, of Vancouver Shelter. His subject, "A Highway Robbery, Attempted Murder, and What Became of the Victim," had been well announced, and a good crowd came to the barracks to hear the old story of the Good Samaritan. The Staff-Captain spoke at some length, and illustrated his Bible reading with anecdotes from his own experience. There was no need for anyone to go away asking the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

On Monday night Capt. Davey, the G. B. M. Agent, arrived. Capt. Johnstone had well announced his intended visit, and all were prepared to give him a

heartily welcome to Victoria. It has been known in the past (tell it not) that the Financial Special stayed in Vancouver, as the proceeds from lantern services held here would not cover expenses, but Capt. Davey came bravely over and no doubt will tell the War Cry what a surprise was in store for him.

The clipping from the Daily Times, put in by an outsider, will speak for itself:

"From Workhouse to Mansion" was the title of a stereopticon service at the Salvation Army barracks last night, conducted by Capt. Davey, the new officer in charge of Social finances in the Northwest and British Columbia. The Army band and choir added much to the pleasure of the evening rendering an attractive selection. The entertainment was well attended, and proved very enjoyable.—From the Daily Times, Victoria, B.C.

Nearly \$20 was cleared, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the service. The only complaint made was that the Captain sent over only fifty tickets, when one hundred and fifty could have been disposed of.

Capt. Johnstone has been announcing a visit from Major Rawling for some weeks, and no doubt ere this is in print he will have arrived. A good time is expected. The band and local officers are to be commissioned, and we pray that, best of all, souls may come to the Saviour.—A. E. T.

Called to the Front.

Two Candidates Farewell from Kingston to Go to the Training College.

On Sunday evening there was a large attendance at the barracks, Miss Nellie Pollitt, of this city, and Mr. Lorne Richards, formerly of Sydenham, said farewell to their comrades of the local corps. They are about to enter the Training College for Salvation Army officers.

Considerable interest was taken by the Army people about Miss Pollitt going into the work, because, following the ancient Biblical custom, she was present in her early childhood to the Lord for service in the Army. Adj. Cameron was in charge of the meeting.

Mrs. Pollitt, mother of the young woman who is about to become an officer, said she keenly felt the parting with her daughter, especially so soon after her husband's death. She felt, however, it was God's will, so she was contented to have her daughter follow the Army flag—even if it meant separation. She told how her daughter had been dedicated to the Lord in her childhood.

Capt. Pollitt sang sweetly, in fine voice.

"Farewell, my comrades."

Cadet Richards said he felt that God had called him, and he was ready to do His will.

Sister Pollitt will be missed, as she is a singer of exceptional ability and an instrumental musician.

The band, under the direction of Bandmaster Christmas, is improving wonderfully. Five went forward and sought salvation.

Our French Work.

Report from Montreal III.

A verse of one of our French songs expresses this sentiment:

"When I see the perishing world for whom Thy blood has flowed, my heart must respond to Thy call, and proclaim salvation."

This has oftentimes encouraged me and helped me brave the temptations and struggles incident to our French work.

Although not often repeated we do not cease to fight for the salvation of souls.

A Sunday's visit from our District Officers, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Moore, together with Capt. Duncan and Hard, greatly cheered us.

Like Joshua of old, the Staff-Captain formed his small battalion, and through the streets and by-ways of the French quarter we marched.

His trumpet and our songs woke folks up, and a goodly number surrounded and listened with interest and respect.

The story of Calvary lit in fresh gleams of hope into hearts darkened by sin.

Inside, the God of water was with us. The holiness meeting was very precious. Staff's lesson on the clean heart and the right spirit being inseparable sank deep.

Some clear and blessed testimonies from French comrades were given in the afternoon meeting. In addition to messages from the visiting Captains. All were glad also to see Adj. Capt. again, having been indisposed for several days.

We took tea "in family," and although it rained hard at night, many stood round the open-air hall some few followed to the hall, while others, alas! did not dare to venture across the threshold. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Creighton was present, and testimonies both English and French intermingled. "Fear God and keep His commandments," was the theme. Staff-Capt. Moore's serious appeal to souls. "Thank God two sought the new-born heart, many others being convicted also of its need."

May the walls of unbelief, indifference, and formalism, against which we have to fight, be speedily brought down in this part of our Kingdom.—Capt. E. Hebling. (translated.)

REPORTS

BARRIE. Sunday was the farewell of Capt. A Big March. Plant. It is with regret that we say good-bye to the Captain, who has been laboring in our midst for some time past, but we pray that God's richest blessings shall go with him to his new appointment. Cadet Wheeler and Cadet Crawford also said good-bye, and are leaving for the Training Home at Toronto. Our locals spoke on behalf of our comrades who are about to leave us, and our prayers are that God's blessings shall be with them continually. We had excellent crowds all day, and at night we had the largest march that has been seen for a long time here. God is with us and we are believing for big times in the future.—Lieut. Boynton.

BONAVISTA. Since the siege started we are having nine souls. A number of souls have left the ranks of sin and have taken their stand for God. The soldiers are working in faith, and mean to have the victory. Sunday was a glorious day; commencing with early knee-drill, we finished up late at night with nine souls at the mercy seat, and seven claimed salvation. We are believing for a mighty revival here. To God be all the glory.—W. M.

BRANDON MAN. Meetings well attended. Good-bye, McLaughlin. Collections good. A spirit of unity in the corps augurs well for future blessing. A few sore heads and hangovers add unnecessarily to the already heavy burden carried by our dear officers. God lead each into the life of walking in the light. Oh, the restfulness of it! Sunday's meetings, commencing with twenty at knee-drill, full of faith and earnestness, were of an exceptionally helpful nature. Holiness meeting, when Capt. Taylor spoke of the fruits of the spirit, led many to drink deeper. In the afternoon nine new soldiers of the right sort were enrolled. God bless them. May "Holiness to the Lord," ever be their motto. The devil fears such witnesses. In the evening we had forty-three on the march and a large crowd in the open-air. Inside, hall filled with a good crowd, principally men. Capt. McLaughlin, whose godly sanctified life in our midst will be much missed, farewelled. His testimony was naturally bright and inspiring. We can truly say of him, "Thy gentleness has made him great." Dear, dear Laddie, with his pawky, winning way, may God bless and use him, and may the joy of the Lord be his strength until the day of the great heavenly re-union.—John H. Wilson, War Cry Correspondent.

BRANTFORD. Special services on the old battle-ground. Moving Pictures. Good meetings leading up to Staff Capt. McLean's announced revival services for the Saturday and Sunday Feb. 17th and 18th. Saturday night was a good stirring time. Sunday the Staff-Captain kept things moving all day. Four souls out for the week-end. Then came the moving picture service for the

Monday. This was a grand success. Good crowd; an excellent service given. The Staff-Captain and Ensign Hodges make the moving picture service very interesting. We believe it will be a very great help to our work here in Brantford. We are pushing on. With faith and good works we shall win.—Hallelujah Tailor.

BURR'S FALLS. God is still working in our midst. We are moving on in the right direction, and we are having some glorious times of late. Lieut. Duckworth has farewelled and Capt. and Lieut. Merks welcomed to our corps. We can report twelve souls since last report. Look out for more. To God we give the glory.—Yours in the war, P. G. M.

CHANNEL. On Feb. 6th we had a visit from Brigadier-General Glover, who conducted a meeting. Much of the Spirit of God was felt, and the building packed full. We should like to have had him with us for a few weeks, but his duties called him to another part of the battlefield. We have just welcomed Lieut. N. Cole, who we believe is a man of God come to fight against sin and the powers of darkness. It may be a hard fight, but he is prepared for it. God bless him. We have good crowds and many have been convicted of sin, and we have every reason to believe for his success in being a winner of souls.—Emanuel Stickland.

CORNWALL. This past week we had a visit from Brigadier-General Glover, who conducted a meeting. Much of the Spirit of God was felt, and the building packed full. We should like to have had him with us for a few weeks, but his duties called him to another part of the battlefield. We have just welcomed Lieut. N. Cole, who we believe is a man of God come to fight against sin and the powers of darkness. It may be a hard fight, but he is prepared for it. God bless him. We have good crowds and many have been convicted of sin, and we have every reason to believe for his success in being a winner of souls.—Emanuel Stickland.

GODERICH. On Feb. 6th we were reinforced by the Clinton band, to celebrate the advent of the time was enjoyed by all. Saturday, the 17th, Lieut. Garside received a wife to farewell. Sunday the knee-drill proved the promise true concerning the twos and threes. Our Heavenly Father never disappoints His children. During the Lieutenant's stay of four months she had made many friends. On Tuesday we said good-bye to Lieut. Garside, who dons the red braid and goes to Hespeler in charge. May success follow you, Captain.—Robinson Cruise.

GORE BAY. The work of God is slowly but surely progressing in Gore Bay. Since last report we have started cottage meetings, which are proving a great success. In our second meeting one soul cried to God for pardon, and God saved her. She is progressing favorably, and is praying earnestly for her husband's conversion. Many others are under conviction. We only expected to conduct these services once a week, but up to the present have been compelled to conduct them twice a week, and this week we intend holding three cottage services. May God bless and prosper our efforts.—Happy Henry.

HAMILTON. Lieut.-Colonel Friedberg was with us for the week-end to lead the meetings. The Colonel gave a very interesting lecture entitled "The Red Man." It was beautifully illustrated with limelight views of the Army's work amongst the Northwest Indians. A very good crowd attended this meeting. Sunday's meetings were of a very inspiring nature. They were well attended; the night meeting being the best. While the organist was giving some very sweet music the crowd was fast coming in, and by the time the band arrived the barracks was filled. The Colonel's lesson was from Matthew xvi: 26, the subject being, "A short cut to fortune." The Colonel gave a very fine talk, having great liberty, and much conviction was felt in the meeting. Adj. Ensign led the prayer meeting, and one young man came to Christ. Thirty souls have sought pardon this last month. We believe the Colonel's visit was much enjoyed, and we say, "Come again, Colonel." We are believing for some mighty revivals in this good city, so look out.—F. L. C. Special Cor.

HANT'S HARBOR. It is a long time since we last reported, but, bless God, we can say that He has been with us and given us victory. On Sunday last we could rejoice over seeing one soul brought from darkness to light. Sunday, Feb. 18th, two more souls came out and knelt at the mercy seat, and there found pardon, for which we give God the glory. We are believing for many more.—C. L. A.

HEART'S DELIGHT. On Sunday afternoon God's Spirit came upon us. We had a beautiful meeting. Two sisters came out and cried for mercy. God heard their cry and pardoned their past. We had an old-time wind-up. Night again found us in a crowded building; some couldn't get in and had to return home. We had one soul at that meeting. The devil worked hard to upset us, but we got there all the same. Our young converts are doing fine. God bless them. We are praying and believing that the salvation of our God shall yet be found in every home in Heart's Delight.—Yours faithfully, fighting for God and souls, Ensign L. England.

HUNTSVILLE. On Sunday three more precious souls came to Christ after a hard but well-fought prayer meeting. The dear comrades fought like Trojans, and would not give in till someone came to Christ. The Band boys are going also after souls in earnest. God bless them. We have been favored with another visit from our friend, Ensign Bloss, T. F. S., who is always welcome. A good crowd, as usual, attended the meeting and \$11.45 was realized at the door. We are all united in saying "Come again, Ensign." A marvelous lesson was learned from the different pictures of the little boy who had the courage to stand by the truth. More anon.—Adj. W. E. Parsons.



Capt. Summers,
Paradise Sound, Nfld.



C. G. Hodge, P. S. M.
Council, and Cadet
Perkins, Nelson, B.C.



S. A. Barracks, Midland, Ont.



Cadet Lettie Thompson and Bandwoman Helen
Doherty, Windsor, Ont.

LIPPINCOTT. Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin visited New Bandmaster, led the corps during the week, and conducted a salvation meeting. It was enjoyed by all present. Our new Bandmaster, Mr. Cosway, is taking hold well, and under his efficient leadership the band, it is hoped, will make great progress. They are busy getting ready a new band-room, and great schemes are being laid for the extension of the work in this part of the city.—Corps Cor.

LUNENBURG, N.S. We have had the joy of seeing one soul kneeling at the mercy seat seeking pardon for their sins. Our officers, who have worked with us the last nine months, have farewelled, and gone to work in another part of the battlefield. Our Lord has come to take charge, and we believe God will make him a blessing. We have been favored with a visit from Major and Mrs. Phillips, also Ensign Campbell, with a lantern service, which was well attended. We are praying and working, and we believe victory will come.—E. Sannar.

NANAIMO, B.C. This place has only recently been re-opened, and we praise God for His presence with us. The attendance at meetings is increasing nicely, and the work in general is on the up-grade. Ensign Wilson and Capt. Davidson, who has just donned the red braid, are stationed here, their motto being "God and the war first." Capt. Davey, G. E. M. Agent, has just paid us a visit. His service at Nanaimo, and also at Ladysmith, is a real success, everybody was delighted, and says, "Come again, Captain."—Yours under the color.—Oshakokeshy.

NELSON, B.C. Enemy's outpost driven in. Hard the Boer War. fighting all along the line. Four young men—all doing well. Faith greatly strengthened. Expecting great results. Enemy holds strong position, but our ammunition is of the best. Capt. Davey, of the C. B. M., with us on Monday. His experiences through the Boer War and how God kept and used him were greatly appreciated by all.—F. F. P.

NEW WESTMINSTER. Pushing forward, winning victories, converts smiling, soldiers shouting. Last Sunday, beautiful day, grand meetings. Specials for week. Ensign Downie, North Vancouver, U.S., Capt. S. Davey, our new G.E.M. Agent, God made his presence a great blessing to our souls. Capt. Davey gave us a lantern service entitled "From Workhouse to Mansion," which was both beautiful and profitable. This is the Captain's first trip to the coast, and he was indeed taken with our beautiful summertime weather, and by the crowded house which greeted him. Our dear leaders, Capt. and Mrs. Sainsbury, have no idle time: they are truly doing their duty, leading meetings, visiting soldiers and friends, jail and hospital, speaking words of cheer to the sick and sorrowing, which I am sure is very much appreciated. God is indeed blessing their earnestness. We are expecting a call from our D. O., Major Rawlings, soon.—Dixie 2.

NORTH BAY. Adjt. and Mrs. Mercer have arrived here from the west coast, and are going in for the salvation of souls. Ensign Bloss was around lately with his lantern service, which was much enjoyed, and Capt. McKim has so far recovered her health as to be able to travel to her home in St. John, N.B. They have managed to raise enough to pay the coal bill from a social which was held, and on Sunday Cadet Matt Laughlin, from Brandon, stopped over on his way to the Training College. The meetings this week resulted in ten souls getting saved.

SEBENS ON LAKE COUCHICHIENG, NEAR GRILLA. OWEN SOUND. We have just finished one of Farewell Socials. The most successful entertainments we have had for some time. It was our farewell social to Capt. Porter, also an enrolment of recruits and commissioning of locals for 1906. We had a splendid crowd. All the seating room was taken up, and the program went off without a hitch of any kind. We were treated for the first time to some selections from our baby band. They did splendidly and much credit is due to Bandmaster Isles for the fine way he has brought it on. Then we had some solos, a duet, a couple of readings, and we are all very glad to see six new soldiers enrolled. Then we had the commissioning, and Capt. Porter, who leaves shortly for Orangeville, said a few words of farewell. Last of all came the refreshments. We all enjoyed ourselves and felt as though we had spent a very profitable evening.—Harold Watts, Corps Cadet.

PALMERSTON. Last Sunday good meeting. Packed the Town Hall. Ings all day, and fourteen on the march at night. We had been looking forward to a good time when our Financial Special (Ensign Poole) would come. On Wednesday evening we had a good salvation meeting, and last night the Ensign gave his lantern service entitled "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room." It attracted the people's attention so that our Town Hall was packed to the door, and many of them had to stand. The service was very good, and the evil of drink was plainly shown to the people. Everyone seemed well satisfied and come would like to see it again. The proceeds amounted to £22, which will be a good lift to our corps. Friday night Ensign Poole went over to Drayton to give an old-time salvation meeting, and invited the saved Yankee and the saved Englishman and our comrades to go over. We took a lead of fourteen over to help him, and had a nice time.—Yours in the fight, O. R. C. and E. E. T.

PEMBROKE. Adjt. Clouston paid a visit to Kept His Promise. This corps recently, and very good meetings were held. One brother held up his hand to be prayed for, but would not yield them. He promised to come on Tuesday night and get right with God. As the meeting on that night was closing he came in and went to the penitent form. A sister followed, and both testified to finding God's salvation.

PETERBORO. During the past two weeks eighteen souls have sought the Saviour for salvation and holiness. Two cottage meetings are held each week, and we believe they are a great help to all who attend. Frequently they are so well attended that they cannot all get in one room, and some have to go to other rooms. Various comrades are duly appointed to lead, and great interest is taken in them.—Cambria.

ST. JOHN'S Nfld. At home—four comrades gathered and prayed and the blessing. At our holiness meeting one brother volunteered for salvation. At night we had a wonderful time, the power of God was keenly felt in our meeting. Ensign Mouton led a real Newfoundland testimony meeting (and this kind is all right). Brigadier Glover's daughter, Etchell, sang very sweetly, "Tell Mother I'll be There," and before the close five souls surrounded. Oh, how they did rejoice when the burden was lifted. This makes a total of twenty-one for the last four nights, thirteen of these being our juniors. We give God all the glory and march on, expecting greater things.—One of the happy ones.

ST. STEPHEN. We welcomed our new officer, Foreign Visitors. Lieut. Clark, five weeks ago. Since he took charge three persons have knelt at the mercy seat for pardon. There is also a marked increase in the attendance at the meetings.

On Monday evening we had a big untied musical meeting, with a cake and coffee social at the close. We had with us Capt. Cummings and comrades from Eastport; Capt. and Mrs. Bivans and comrades, from Calais. Capt. and Mrs. Bivans were on British soil for the first time, and received a very hearty welcome from the large audience. Mrs. Bivans (who is a native of Denmark) sang a solo in Danish, which was the hit of the evening and was loudly cheered. The proceeds of the evening were \$12.—W.

SHERBROOKE. We are going in for victory Spoke Over a Coffin. In Sherbrooke. Good meetings all day Sunday, the night meeting being the best for some time and one of great blessing to many. Capt. Penfold spoke over a coffin, taking for his subject, "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." The meeting was a solemn one and much affected the hearts and minds of those present. God blessed the efforts and three precious souls sought and found Christ. Monday night Capt. Penfold and five soldiers went to the Reformatory and had a good meeting there. Lieut. Lawrence has arrived and we are going in for God and souls.—Alfred Bradstreet.

SPRINGHILL MINES. Visit of Lieut.-Col. Sharp and Adjt. Cave for the week-end. The Colonel gave us an illustrated lecture on England, Scotland, Newfoundland, and Bermuda. It was very enjoyable. Big crowds all day on Sunday. In the afternoon the Colonel promoted Lieut. Emery to the rank of Captain, which came as a great surprise. God bless the Captain. May he go on to do mighty things for God. Band and soldiers worked hard. Great farewell meeting of Sister Melville for the Training College. May the Lord inspire her to go on to do her Master's will.—Yours for Jesus, Sister Hyslop.

TEMPLE. Splendid meetings all day Sunday and five souls at night. Cadets Kelly and Williams farewelled for the Training College for salvation before we went to the one-act and impressed everyone with the importance of spending one's life in useful service for God.

TORONTO JUNCTION. Thursday, welcome of Capt. Burgess and Lieut. McCaffrey. Meeting led by Staff-Capt. Goodwin and Lieut. Peacock. We are in for victory under the leadership of our officers. Saturday night two found Jesus mighty to save. Although one was in drink, God can save the drunkard. Sunday, farewell of Cand. Ben Bourne, who said God's Word. Conviction of a dear woman coming to Jesus Christ for salvation before we went to the one-act at night, and another young man at the close of the meeting. To God be all the glory.—Burgess and McCaffrey, Secretary.

WINDSOR, N.S. Since our last report God has One Soul a Day, been pouring out His Holy Spirit upon us. Some precious souls have surrendered during the past week. Trade Special, Capt. W. White, has been with us, also Ensign Campbell, with a very interesting lantern service entitled "The Way to Heaven," which was very nice. The 17th, 18th, and 19th of February will not soon be forgotten by the people of Windsor. We had with us the brass and string band of Halifax, with our District Officer Adjt. Higgins in command. On Saturday night they gave us a musical demonstration. Bandmaster Hustler's cornet solo, Miss Hustler's guitar solo, and the piano solo by Sgt. Ethel Stewart, were much enjoyed. All the troops did well. The electric club-awning was splendid. The Saved Dutchman caught on well, and gave a proper blood-and-fire testimony to the saving and keeping power of God. Special meetings all day Sunday, conducted by Staff-Capt. Creighton and Adjt. Higgins, assisted by the band. 7 a.m., a good

turnout at knee-drill. Holiness meeting at 11 a.m. was a time of power. Sunday afternoon we had an old-fashioned free-and-easy. Sunday night the meeting was started half an hour before the usual time. Fully 500 people packed into the hall; many were standing, others turned away as they could not gain admittance. The music, singing, and speaking was thoroughly appreciated, and we trust that the band will soon come and visit us again, as a warm welcome awaits them. The income for the week-end was excellent. Staff-Capt. Creighton gave us a talk on the Immigration Scheme on Monday night. We might say that the Staff-Captain opened this barracks, and we were glad to have him with us again, also the D. O. Adjt. Wiggins, whose familiar face we are always glad to see. The Ensign, who put forth every effort to make the meetings a success in the way of announcing, etc., was not disappointed, as everything was satisfactory in connection with the special time. We are pressing forward to win—Yours to help, A. Soldier.

VANCOUVER, B.C. We have been having quite a lot of specials lately. Last Tuesday night we had a special soldiers' meeting, with Major Rawling in charge. We all enjoyed the meeting, and went away more determined than ever to do something for the Master. We all say, "Come again, Major, and come quickly." On Thursday evening we had a sisters' meeting, with League of Mercy Sergt.-Major Mrs. Keeney in charge. The sisters did very well, but the brothers are going to do the meeting next Thursday we shall see who will do the best. Some say that the sisters do the best, and your humble correspondent agrees with them. On Friday night we had with us Capt. Davey, the G. B. M. man. We were all very glad to see him and enjoy his stereopticon service, entitled "From Workhouse to Mansion," very much. The G. B. M. work is on the up-grade. The boxes brought in last night \$24.81, and we are believing for better results in the future. The Captain had charge of the meetings all day Sunday. We had a very good day. God is blessing us wonderfully, and we are going in for victory. Keep your eye on Vancouver, and you will see something doing, according to all reports.—The Fighting Parson.

WETASKIEWIN. We rejoice to say the Lord of Bring Them Out Hosts is working in our midst. As the salvation wave is flowing, both sinners and backsliders are coming home, and still many are convicted. Our D. O. Adjt. Byers, has made us a visit again. He always has a hearty welcome to Wetaskewin. Soldiers are filled with the Holy Spirit, and seeing souls in the path of sin, go to bring them to the mercy seat. Our spirits are high for many more, and victory is on our side. Hall full every night; some nights many turned away. Finances good. Still our cry is for souls.—Lieut. Harris.

T. S. Notes.

Ensign Campbell's Travels in the East.

From Windsor I started for Cape Breton, but was obliged to stop over at Truro, as the train did not make connections. Here we had a nice little meeting, and afterwards a young man came into the quarters under the influence of drink, and after giving some money to the officers for the work, asked to be prayed for and professed conversion. I arrived in Sydney a little later, but in time to take in the special service. The meeting was very good, was having, which was both impressive and instructive.

At Reserve Mines I had my first service. The officers here find things a little hard, but are keeping brave hearts and had things nice for me.

Glouce Bay. I spent the week-end here. Adjt. and Mrs. Carter have done well since they have taken charge of the work. The lantern service was well attended, \$17.50 being the amount taken in. The Sunday meetings were good. Two came forward in the holiness meeting and one little boy in the afternoon volunteered out in the face of a large crowd. The hall was crowded to the doors at night, and the Adjutant had to give orders not to admit any more. The meeting was interesting and much conviction was effected. The holiness service was good. The playing of the Glace Bay band is something grand. My Agents here did magnificently. Mrs. Sanderson raised the nice sum of \$3.66 in her boxes, and Mrs. McAuley \$8.70, making \$12.36 for Glace Bay.

New Aberdeen. Capt. Jones, as usual, has the interest worked up in grand shape for the service, and the result was that we did even better than Glace Bay, \$15.00 being the amount taken.

Louisburg. Capt. Smith is all about in her glory here, and had things in good shape for my service, which was enjoyed by the nice crowd who came out for it.

Dominion. Capt. March is doing well in this place. Although the night was wet and the mud was deep a good crowd came to the service.

Sydney. The night was very stormy, and by request I will give another service here before I leave the Cape; but I must make special mention of two of my box-holders here. Mr. J. J. Turnbull's, the Sydney drug store, contained \$2.85, and Mr. Heninger's box, in his fruit store, was only a little behind, \$1.54 being the amount. It had an Agent here, no doubt Sydney would do well in the Province. As it is 1906 was taken out of the boxes. Ensign and Mrs. Trickey have a splendid hold upon this place, and are doing well in every way. Their kindness to the T. S. is much appreciated.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS' SERVICE.

We are extremely sorry to have to chronicle the death of our comrade, the beloved wife of Brother Neil McLaren (nee Bessie Pettis). Our glorified comrade was converted under Major Cooper (better known as "Happy Bill") in the S. A. barracks, Parbhura, N.S. 14th, 1889, and the following February was enrolled as a soldier of the corps and commenced serving in the ranks for God and soul. She was transferred to the New Glasgow corps in August, 1898; was married to Brother Neil McLaren, March 28th, 1900. We had predicted for her a useful life of service in the Salvation Army, but it was of a short duration. We were about to celebrate the birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, when the chariot lowered, and on the night of Dec. 21st, 1906, Sister Mrs. McLaren passed away into the eternal land, where sorrow and death are unknown and all tears are wiped away. Our profound sympathy goes out to Bro. McLaren and his two we lambs in this sad bereavement. We therefore pray that God will be their Comforter.

On Sunday Dec. 24th, 1906, a short service was conducted at the residence of the deceased, then we marched en route for the Citadel, where a very impressive service was conducted by Adjt. Cooper, the hall being thronged by sympathizers. In the River Side Cemetery we laid the remains of our sister to rest until the morning.



Brother and Sister Neil McLaren, New Glasgow, N.S.
Mrs. McLaren has been promoted to Glory.

At the memorial service God's presence was much felt, as one and another of the comrades talked of a blessing and help our promoted comrade was to them. Although we saw no visible results, we believe that many souls were helped and blessed.—George Smith, Sergt.-Major.

SIX YEARS A SOLDIER.

Sanavista. The link which binds us on earth has been broken, and another of our soldiers has been called to join the heavenly throng.

Our comrade, Bertie Little, was a faithful soldier. Converted at the age of fifteen, she fought for almost six years. Her life could be spoken of as a faithful one, and her death triumphant. All through her suffering, she possessed a calm and quiet spirit, as only a follower of Jesus could possess, knowing that all was well. Her thoughts seemed to dwell on her heavenly home.

On Thursday, Feb. 6th, her remains were laid to rest; she was given a real Army funeral.

At night ten converts took their stand as soldiers, six of whom were volunteers.

At the memorial service on Sunday night the building was packed. Ensign Oxford taking for his text Is. lxxv. 6, "We do all fade as a leaf. As soon as the prayer meeting began and an invitation was given, one young man at the back of the hall pressed his way through the crowd and came to the penitent's form. He was followed by ten other seekers. It was the greatest desire of our deceased comrade that her death should mean life to those in sin.

She leaves a father, mother, and brother. Much sympathy has been felt for them, as she was their only girl. They are cheered with the hope that only a little while and they shall meet again.—Lieut. Bessie Cave.

IN MEMORIAM.

Composed by BRIGADIER COLLIER on the Death of His Father.

February 10th, 1906.

Gone, a little while before us,
To the city of pure gold,
Gathered by the Tender Shepherd
Safe within the "Heavenly Fold."

Gone, where pain can never enter,
And where people grow not old,
Where unknown is death and sickness,
Safe within the "Heavenly Fold."

Gone, to be with Christ for ever,
His whose love can never be told,
Him he served and now is with Him,
Safe within the "Heavenly Fold."

Good-bye, father, we will meet you
On the streets of shining gold,
When at last we all are sheltered
Safe within the "Heavenly Fold."

Our Mail Bag.

We think a great deal of your Commissioner, and, of course, we think our Commander is "just right." I am glad to tell you that God is blessing us here in Rochester. We had a wonderful meeting last Sunday night, with seven souls over to salvation. Mrs. Heift and children are well. Love to all old comrades.—W. H. Heift, Adjt.

We are still, by God's help, getting along well in every way. Although for the past two weeks we have had very severe weather; it has for that time registered from 40 to 68 below zero, to-day it is 62 below. Of course, when it is so cold we cannot stand open-air meetings, as the frost would freeze our lunks. It is not so easy to do so much visiting when so cold, but up till the present two weeks the winter has been exceptionally mild, when we have usually done from twenty-five to thirty hours' visiting each week, and in this way we come in contact with quite a few people. The only fault the people have to find is that we do not visit them often enough, as we are the only ones, they say, who say anything about God or goodness to them. You know this country contains an awful lot of people who have at one time professed to be Christians, but love for gold has swayed them from Jesus.—Capt. Andrews, Bonanza, Y.T.

My Dear Colonel:—

Just a line for the dear old War Cry to let old comrades know of our whereabouts. Our stay in Denver was rather short. The climate of Colorado is all right, but Denver itself is rather smoky for me. We are now in Phoenix, the Capital of Arizona. Oh, what a change to what we have been used to in the past sixteen years! On Feb. 3rd, just think, without any fire in the stove, we had to raise the windows, it was so hot. On Sunday, Feb. 4th, both doors of the hall were open. How is that for the "good old summertime"? I am not any better yet. I guess my case is too chronic. We are having the victory. Had a meeting at the Government Indian School yesterday. Six hundred young men and young women present, all Indians.—Staff-Capt. Arre.

The Seven Senses of Faith.

By J. W. Whitney, Lieut.

Tune.—There is a Fountain Filled with Blood.

Faith is the hand that simply takes
Whatever the Lord extends,
And prizes the promises, on which
Our keeping it depends.

Faith is the foot that dares to step
Into the dark with God,
Content to walk with Him where'er
His blessed Son has trod.

Faith is the eye that sees the bow
Set in the darkest sky,
That looks to Christ with thankful heart,
And never murmurs, "Why?"

Faith is the human spirit's ear,
So quickened from the fall
As to discern the Shepherd's voice
From every hireling's call.

Faith is the quickened touch of soul
That knows the Saviour's power,
And lifts to meet the heavenly touch,
It is the heart of prayer.

Faith is the scent of human lives
Filled with perfect love,
And is acute to savor all
Beneath, or from above.

Faith is that sense of soul
That links us to the Lord
And lives upon His ever life,
Through His unchanging word.



WAR CRY BOOMERS HONOR ROLL



East Ontario and Quebec Province is easily "seen to be absent," and we mourn the fact that P. S.-M. Mulvey does not appear on top this week. But we cannot help this. Awfully sorry, etc.

Mrs. Adit. Snow, like her beautiful namesake, holds the field for Ontario, but Winnipeg holds the territorial champions in Sergt. Wingate and Lieut. McLennan. Will Snow and the Northwest go together at this vigorous tail-end of winter?

Our beautiful selection of valentines has run dry this week, as the artist had an attack of nervousness, but he promises us a few more touching pictures in the near future. Until next week, I am

Your Uncle Josh.

Eastern Province.

96 Boomers.

P. S.-M. Caslin, Halifax I.	172
Capt. Holden, Charlottetown	173
Mrs. Capt. Smith, Halifax II.	150
Capt. Smith, Halifax II.	150
Sergt. Major McQueen, Moncton	150
Norman McVicar, Glace Bay	150
Lieut. Thistle, Sydney	150
Capt. Farney, Sydney Mines	150
Jessie Irons, Windsor	110
Lieut. Clark, St. Stephen	110
Capt. Snow, Woodstock	110
Mrs. Capt. Urquhart, Campbellton	110
Sergt. Taylor, St. George's	110
Lieut. Robinson, Kentville	105
Sergt. Jackson, Yarmouth	105
C.-C. M. Colbourn, North Sydney	105
Lieut. Gray, Stellarton	100
Capt. Emery, Springfield	100
Lieut. Gilkerson, New Glasgow	100
Sister Crosby, Halifax I.	100
Lieut. Daisell, Truro	100
Lieut. Pelley, Dominion	100
Capt. Tatem, St. John I.	100
Mrs. Ensign, St. John I.	100

Capt. Vandine, Somerset; 55; Capt. M. James, New Aberdeen, 55; Capt. Packen, Glace Bay, 55; Lieut. Taylor, Carleton, 55; Mrs. Jewett, St. John, 75; Capt. Speck, Fredericton, 55; Sister I. Hocper, Halifax I., 75; Capt. Newell, Am. res., 75; Ensign B. Green, Am. res., 75; Lieut. McEchern, North Sydney, 75; Ensign Carter, Glace Bay, 70; Sergt. Jennings, St. George's, 60; Capt. in Donovan, St. George's, George's, 60; Capt. D. novan, St. George's, 60; Mrs. Kimbal, Fairville, 60; Capt. Brace, St. John III, 60; Ensign Greenland, Chatham, 60; Capt. Basingthwaite, Halifax I., 60; S.-M. Lyons, Fredericton, 60; Ensign Piercy, St. John I., 60; May Gamble, St. John I., 60; Alice Watts, St. John I., 60; Lieut. McWilliams, Annapolis, 55; Ensign Cornish, Springfield, 55; Capt. Long, Yarmouth, 55; apt. Payne, Yarmouth, 55.

50 Copies.—Lieut. S. Rothard, Summerside; Lieut. Andrews, Hillsboro; E. O. McKay, Halifax II.; Lieut. McMaisters, Reserve; Lieut. Crowell, Inverness; J. S. S.-M. Phillips, Somerset; Sergt. Wilkie, Capt. Legge, Lunenburg; Capt. Reeves, Moncton; Capt. Hargroves, Clark's Harbor; Ensign Trickey, Maggie McLean, Sydney; C.-M. Selman, New Aberdeen; Capt. Grant, Bridgetown; Capt. Glen, Capt. Hamilton, Parraboro; Lieut. Lee, St. John; Capt. Urquhart, Campbellton; Capt. McLeod, Chatham; E. Worth, B. Large, Charlottetown; Capt. James, Lieut. Dingle, Sackville; L. Lynne, New Glasgow; Sister Kean, Halifax I.; Lieut. Stairs, Bridgetown; Capt. Willar, Gertie Melkie, Londonderry; Ensign Clark, Windsor; Mrs. Campbell, Aurora; Sister Devereux, Fredericton; Captain Dakin, Mrs. Capt. Dakin, Newcastle; Capt. Bigelow, North Head; Lieut. Luther, Capt. Hebb, Sussex; Mary Primer, St. John I.; Ida Bunnell, Sydney; Sergt. Hatfield, Parraboro; Lieut. Day, Capt. Wyde, Digby; Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, Halifax I.; Lieut. Fails, St. John V.

West Ontario Province.

46 Boomers.

Mrs. Adit. Snow, Chatham	225
P. S.-M. Mrs. Ward, London	225
Mrs. Stratford, Stratford	150
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	140
Adit. Kendall, Bradford	140
Capt. Matler, Wallaceburg	135
Eva Norman, Windsor	125
Lieut. Carlsdale, Goderich	115
Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Essex	105
Lieut. Stubbs, Hespeler	105
Mrs. Adj. Walker, St. Thomas	105
Lieut. Wilfred, Tillsonburg	105
Capt. E. Patterson, Essex	100

Capt. L. Patterson, Essex, 80; Lieut. Horwood, Sarnia, 55; Capt. Horwood, Sarnia, 80; Capt. Thompson, 60; Capt. Gilbank, Galt, 80; Mrs. Captain Merrill, Leamington, 50; Capt. Reitor, Norwich, 50;

Lieut. Wakefield, Blenheim, 70; Capt. Bonny, Paris, 70; Mrs. Ensign Hancock, Simcoe, 68; Ensign Hancock, Simcoe, 67; Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia, 65; Capt. Fickie, Bothwell, 65; Mrs. Capt. Olinasness, Forest, 45; Capt. Kitchen, Strathroy, 65; Lieut. Cunningham, Strathroy, 65; Lieut. Herrington, Strathroy, 64; Capt. Fennacy, Ingersoll, 60; Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia, 60; Sergt. Cole, Brantford, 54.

50 Copies.—Sergt. A. Hodgson, Sergt. A. Norbury, London; Sister Horton, Sister Watt, Ridgeway; Capt. Askin, Goderich; P. S.-M. Lewis, Mrs. Cameron, Ingersoll; Lieut. Turner, Palmerston; Lieut. Morris, Clinton; Capt. Kerswell, Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Kinsville; Sergt. Wimble, Brantford; Sergt. McQueen, Petrolia.

North-West Province.

26 Boomers.

Sergt. Wingate, Winnipeg I.	250
Lieut. McLennan, Winnipeg I.	245
Lieut. James, Wetsaskewin	200
Capt. Custer, Fort William	130
Lieut. Norman, Portage la Prairie	120
Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Brandon	120
Lieut. Leadman, Prince Albert	115
Lieut. Pearce, Medicine Hat	110
Lieut. Dure, Moose Jaw	100
Lieut. Mirey, Winnipeg II.	100
Capt. Elliott, Dauphin, 89; Capt. Dunlop, Lethbridge, 75; Lieut. Harris, Wetsaskewin, 75; Ensign Hall, Port Arthur, 55; Lieut. Johnson, Port Arthur, 55; Lieut. Griffith, Selkirk, 55.	



Capt. and Mrs. Fennacy
and Baby Ma.
Ingersoll, Ont.

50 Copies.—Uncle Dan, Neepawa; Capt. Keeler, Lieut. Dillabough, Kenora; Capt. Pearce, Cadet Young, Regina; Lieut. Coleman, Carman; Lieut. Rankin, Carberry; Adj. Byers, Ensign Kaine, Calgary; Lieut. Elliott, Saskatoon.

New Ontario Division.

15 Boomers.

Mrs. Ensign Leadley, Lindsay	100
Mrs. Capt. Wadge, Braebridge	100
P. S.-M. Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	100

Mrs. Capt. Beattie, Fenelon Falls, 75; Captain Whales, Aurora, 70; Capt. Dauberville, New Liskeard, 55; Ensign McCann, New Liskeard, 57; Capt. Plant, Barrie, 55; Lieut. Russell, Greyhurst, 55.

50 Copies.—P. S.-M. Miles, Mrs. A. Jordan, Barrie; Capt. Meeks, Burk's Falls; Mrs. Capt. Calver, Soo, Mich.

British Columbia and Yukon Division.

15 Boomers.

Sister Maggie Wright, Victoria	165
Capt. Knudson, Vancouver, 90; Mrs. Capt. Baynton, Nelson, 85; Capt. H. Allen, Rossland, 78; Cand. Perkin, Nelson, 75; Capt. Travis, Fernie, 75; Lieut. Rickard, Fernie, 75; Sister Nelson, Vancouver, 68; Lieut. Davidson, Nanaimo, 60.	

50 Copies.—Mrs. Capt. Johnston, Victoria; Capt. Sainsbury, Mrs. Capt. Sainsbury, New Westminster; Lieut. Chatterton, Revelstoke.

Newfoundland Province.

8 Boomers.

Sergt. Pynn, St. John's I.	177
Cadet Coyell, St. John's II.	120
Cadet Stuckland, St. John's I.	110
Cadet Vincent, St. John's I.	105
Sergt. Gillingham, Twillingate, 55; S.-M. White, St. John's I., 46; Cadet David, St. John's II., 40; Capt. Jones, St. John's II., 25.	

A "War Cry" and Sixpence.

A short time ago an officer was selling War Cry when a gentleman accosted him.

"Is that the War Cry you have under your arm?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

Then please let me have a copy of each of the publications you have with you.

"I was converted," continued the gentleman, through a young woman-Lieutenant giving me a War Cry some years ago.

"I came into this very town in rags and without a friend, and was walking up the street, when I met the Lieutenant asking War Cry, just as I have me you."

"Buy a War Cry" she said, crossing the road to get near me.

"No," I replied, "I don't want your papers, nor you either."

"If I give you a War Cry, then?" persisted the Salvationist.

"It is food I need, not paper," I replied, solemnly.

"Do you?" said the Lieutenant, looking at me closely, and I thought, sympathetically, "Well, I am only poor, but here's a sixpence for you, and a War Cry."

"I took both, and after buying food I read the War Cry. As I read my interest increased, and I continued to devour the contents of the paper until I had read every column, and began to feel myself a lost sinner."

"In my lonely condition I wept and prayed for deliverance, and God heard my cry. My burden rolled away; I felt there was still hope for me in life as well as in death. I tramped back to my native town, told some old acquaintances my wonderful story, and they got me some work. In time I worked my way back to the position I had lost through drink."

"Do you wonder that I love the War Cry?"

The Press.

WAS HALTED BY PRAYER.

Men on His Way to Murder His Wife, Who had Deceased Him.

New York, Feb. 27.—The New York American has the following.

Declaring that he had been on his way to Jersey City to slay his deserting wife, and that prayer alone had arrested his steps and changed his purpose, a middle-aged, well-dressed man stood last night with tears streaming down his face, beseeching the prayers of all at the meeting of the Salvation Army in the Mission Chapel, situated in New York City, N.Y. His words electrified the throngs in the chapel. "Pray for me," he begged. "I missed my car here and drifted into this meeting, or I should now be on my way to kill my wife."

The man gave his name as Carnock. After the meeting he told Capt. Watson that his wife had deserted him a few weeks ago, taking with her their only child. When he heard, on Sunday last, that she was in Jersey City he started for that city, determined to kill her on sight.

On reaching Brunswick he missed connections and drifted into the Salvation Army meeting to pass the time. There he saw his crime in all its hideousness, he said, and a great fear came upon him. Carnock left, declaring he would return to Trenton and try to effect a reconciliation with his wife.—The Globe.

PATENT MEDICINE.

The Inland Revenue Department will shortly publish the results of an analysis that its chemists have made of a number of the best-known patent medicines, including headache powders.

The information, when it comes from the printers, will be available for all those who are desirous of knowing what these preparations contain, and of the highly interesting particulars are omitted from the bulletin when it appears. Canadians at large will be glad to see for themselves the risks attending the indiscriminate use of alleged remedies whose properties they do not so far fully realize. The subject is now receiving a certain amount of deserved attention in the States, and is being pressed upon notice of the Minister of Inland Revenue by individuals who want steps taken for the protection of the Canadian public from impositions and frauds.

Senator Sullivan's Views.

The session before the late Senator Sullivan, of Kingston, spoke of the enormous amounts of alcohol that certain persons were consuming, and declared it an evil thing for the Government to be licensing certain persons to poison the people of the country.

"These compounds," he added, "should be analyzed anyway, and the manufacturers of them should not be allowed to mislead the public."—Toronto Star.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world? If you have anyone going to or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 29 Albert St., Toronto.

SPRING IS COMING!

THERE are many indications of this fact. One of the most potent—and to us very important—is the orders coming in for

BAND TUNICS

AND

"OUR OWN MAKE"

Brass and Silver-Plated

INSTRUMENTS.

Any Band of importance realizes that these two factors are essential to making that impression of smartness and efficiency which goes to make Army Bands increasingly popular and useful in their glorious work.

It may seem a big order at first, but when a Band sets itself unitedly and intelligently to the task it is wonderful how quickly the means are found to make the transformation. We could cite a whole array of examples, and their number will be doubled at least before the sun reaches a hundred in the shade.

Nearly every day brings us orders for "Our Own Make," from one to a act. Where they have already purchased one, they will have no other, while the unanimous testimony of experienced Bandmasters from the Old Country declares that for them **THERE IS NO OTHER.**

Owing to the number of orders on hand, and prospective, we urge you to act promptly. For further particulars write—

The Trade Secretary, S. K. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

HEALTH HINTS

CLOTHING.

Raiment may be healthy or the reverse, according to its material and texture. The next best thing to a sun and air bath is the wearing of garments that are porous and allow a free escape of the impurities which leave the body through its millions of pores. A stoppage of these outlets is always perilous, and sometimes a turning back into the system of the effete matter which it has discharged is attended by fatal results.

Emanations from the surface of the body meet with slight obstruction to their escape when we are clothed with woollen fabrics that have not been too closely fitted by improper waiting and drying, but cottons and linens receive and retain these exhalations, and should, therefore, be frequently changed. The most delicate of our senses at once detects the presence of exuded matter by means of unpleasant odor, which would not be noticed if it were not imprisoned by a too close-fitted textile worn next the skin. Strictly speaking, this fact is an argument in favor of a free circulation of air all about the body, a condition which nature provided at the beginning of man's existence, but which he has limited or entirely evaded.

Little by little a few years back, and more rapidly within the last decade or so, the forms and fancies of our clothing have been brought more and more into harmony with the clear intentions of nature; nor is this gradual change due wholly to the advice of medical men. Most persons reflect and think out for themselves in these days that have not inaptly been called the "epoch of individualism"; and thinking brings them to the conclusion that the woolly, scaly, and web of the silk worm can make as comfortable a covering as the warm-giving hairs with which nature clothes most warm-blooded animals, and, by degrees, men also who live in cold climates and have little or no artificial raiment.

All authorities agree that the garment worn next the skin, by night as well as by day, should be made of woolly fabric, since such textile are known to present the few obstructions to the wonderful mechanism which carries out waste-up matter by means of heat radiations and evaporations through the pores. The most advanced medical men advise the

wearing of a very thin woollen undergarment in warm weather and two of the same thickness when it is cold, the two being much warmer and more healthful than one of great weight. The same rule applies also to bed coverings, two flannel sheets providing much more and better protection than a single heavy blanket. All bed-clothes should be light in weight, and should be exposed daily to the open air, and also to the direct rays of the sun, if possible. During illness and convalescence frequent airings and sunnings of bedding are imperative and should be secured even at the cost of great inconvenience.

If we would allow ourselves more fresh air, lighter and more porous clothing, and less warmth indoors from iron stoves or other heated surfaces, vigorous men and women with rosy cheeks and healthy appetites would be much commoner than they are in our land, and especially in our cities. To sensible and healthful conditions of living more than to a difference in climate are ascribed, by those who have studied the matter, the soft, full voices, great physical elasticity and buoyant spirits of the English as a race. When an Englishman who is in moderate health feels the need of extra warmth, he is not likely to shut his windows and build a fire as he is to put on a heavier garment and take a brisk walk about his room if he cannot find time for more healthful exercise outdoors; and when a fire is really needed on account of the severity of the weather, it is lighted in an open fire-place, the fluid of which draws off most, if not all, of the noxious gases generated in the apartment. A free vent is necessary in every living-room, and no surer or speedier one can be secured than an open chimney.

Most people have read of the little child who was gilded to represent an infant god in a grand pageant, and who died in a few hours from the total stoppage of his pores. This tragedy is an unanswerable argument not only for a clean skin at all times, but also for a covering next it through which the pores may free themselves of the body's waste.

The highest authorities on consumption assure us that the principal benefit which a patient derives from going to a warmer climate is due to the fact that he can thus be readily induced to live in the open air. If the same person would resolutely occupy a room at home in which there is an open fire-place and an open window that admits plenty of sun, dress himself warmly in light woollen clothing, eat good and easily digested food and occupy his mind with pleasant diversions or employment, he would regain his health even more speedily under his own roof than elsewhere.

MISSING FRIENDS

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriended, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Commissioner Thomas H. Connelley, 300 West 4th Street, Toronto, and name "Friendship" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to pay expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Offices: 401 and 403 West 4th Street, Toronto. Send no money, simply the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

5324. JONES, WILLIAM. Age 24 years, tall, sandy mustache, was at one time a policeman. Last known address, King St., Toronto. Left Barrow, England on the 7th of July, 1904.

5325. CRAIG, FREDERICK WILLIAM POWELL. Age 18 years, 5ft. 9in. in height, thin build, fair hair, fresh complexion, dimple in each cheek, chicken-pox mark on bridge of nose, stoops when walking, dressed in dark grey tweed suit, fancy broken check pattern, white double collar and tie, black felt hat, black lacing boots. Was employed for eight months as a clerk. May seek to join the army, or endeavor to go abroad.

5326. EASTBROOK, SUSIE P. Came to Canada with James McLardie during January, 1905. May have come to Toronto. Miss Eastbrook is 18 years of age, rather tall, and of good appearance. Would be pleased to hear from either party.

5327. CLARKE, TOM. Age 43 years, height 5ft. 7in., brown hair, grey eyes, fair and fresh complexion. Missing since last July. Last known address, near Calgary, N.W.T.

5328. FOX, JAMES, Jr. Age 35 years, height 5ft. 8in., light hair, light blue eyes, and fair complexion. Missing fifteen years. Last known address, in care of Mr. George Laxson, Danville, Que.

5329. NELSON, BEN. Age 37 years, height 5ft. 10in., brown hair, grey eyes, fresh complexion. Missing three years. Last known address, 22 Weststrad, Askrood, Sweden, or Seattle, U.S.A.

(Second Insertion.)

5329. CHISLETT, GEORGE or HERCULES. Age 27 years, fair hair, blue eyes, farmer, height 5ft. 5in. Missing seven years. Last known address, Pilot Mound, Manitoba. Last known employer, Alex. Mutch.

5373. BOWERS, WILLIAM, who left Oshawa with George White on Oct. 30th, 1905, is requested to communicate with his wife, from whom he will hear something to his advantage.

5374. MCPHIE JOHN. Height 5ft. 8in., light complexion, sandy hair, blue eyes. Missing for three years. Last known address, Dowson City, Y.T.

5375. MADDOCK, JUNIUS ARTHUR. Age 63 years, height 5ft. 4in., brown hair, brown eyes, olive complexion.

5376. SPICER, HAROLD RANDALL. Age 25 years, height 5ft. 7in., brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, carpenter. Last known address, Vancouver, B.C.

5353. DICKER, ARTHUR SEYMOUR. Age 25 years, height 4in., fair hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion. Missing about two years. Last known address, Foley Brothers' Camp No. 2, Enfield, Ont.

5354. CHRISTENSEN, NIELS JENS. Comes from Vaby, Denmark. Medium height. Last known address, Prince Albert, N.W.T., where he was working in a lime-kiln.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Bloss—Barrie, Tues., March 13; Newmarket, Wed., March 14; Aurora, Thurs., March 15; Toronto, Fri., March 16; Oshawa, Sat., Sun., March 17, 18, 19; Bowmanville, Tues., Wed., March 20, 21; Lindsay, Thurs., Fri., March 22, 23; Ormeau, Sat., Sun., March 24, 25, 26; Kilmont, Tues., March 27; Hamilton, Wed., Thurs., March 28, 29; Norland, March 30; Fencio Falls, March 31; April 1, 2; Uxbridge, April 3; Dundas, April 4.

Ensign Edwards—Morrisburg, Tues., Wed., Thurs., March 13, 14, 15; Cornwall, Fri., Sat., Sun., March 16, 17, 18; Sherbrooke, Mon., Tues., Wed., March 19, 20, 21; Danville, Thurs., March 22; Quebec, Fri., Sat., Sun., March 23, 24, 25, 26; Montreal, Fri., Sat., Sun., March 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31; April 1; Montreal, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Capt. Davey—Regina, Thurs., March 13; Summersburg, Wed., March 14; Brandon, Thurs., Fri., March 15, 16; Carberry, Sat., Sun., March 17, 18; Wellwood, Mon., March 19; Neepawa, Tues., Wed., March 20, 21; Dauphin, Thurs., March 22, 23.

Ensign Poole—St. Thomas, Sat., Sun., March 17, 18, 19.

Ensign Campbell—Amherst, Tues., March 13; Saskatoon, Wed., March 14; Hillsboro, Thurs., March 15; Regina, Fri., March 16; Carleton Place, Sat., Sun., March 17, 18, 19; Newmarket, Tues., March 20; Chatham, Wed., Thurs., March 21, 22; Fredericton, Fri., March 23; Woodstock, Sat., Sun., March 24, 25; St. Stephen, Mon., March 26; North Head, Wed., 27; Sun., March 28 to April 1; Sussex, Thurs., April 2; St. John, Fri., April 3; St. John, Sat., April 4.



SONGS OF THE WEEK.

SELECTED BY Mrs. John Tunn,
New Westminster, B.C.

Competition Set, No. 12.

GIVE ME THE FAITH!

Tune.—Stella (N.B.B. 120).

- 1 Give me the faith that can remove
And sink the mountains to a plain;
Give me the childlike, praying love
Which longs to build Thy house again.
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.
- I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend and to be spent for them,
Who have not yet my Saviour known,
And turn them to a pardoning God,
And quench the brands in Jesus' blood.
- Enlarge, enflame, and fill my heart
With boundless charity divine;
So shall I all my strength exert,
And love them with a zeal like Thine,
And lead them to Thy open side—
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

IN THERE IS REFUGE.

Tune.—N.B.B. 163.

- 2 Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge,
Safety for my trembling soul,
Power to lift my heart when drooping
Midst the angry billows' roll.
I will trust Thee,
All my life Thou shalt control.
- In the past too unbelieving
Midst the tempest I have been,
And my heart has slowly trusted
What my eyes have never seen;
Blessed Jesus,
Teach me on Thy arm to lean.
- Oh, for trust that brings the triumph
When defeat stems strangely near;
Oh, for faith that changes fighting
Into victory's ringing cheer!
Faith triumphant,
Knowing not defeat nor fear.

FREE AND EASY.

Tune.—T. I. Them All to Meet There.

- 3 We're on our way to Glory,
That led so bright and fair,
And where we're safely anchored,
Say, 's all we meet you there?
We'll wave a palm of victory,
We'll wear a crown of gold.
We'll sing His praise for ever there,
Whose love can never be told.
- Chorus.**
Oh, tell them all to meet there,
Tell them all to come;
We shall have a happy time
When we arrive at home;
We will march together,
We will join the band,
We will praise our Saviour
In that happy, happy land.
- The way to heaven was opened
By Christ upon the cross,
There He became our ransom,
For us He suffered loss.

A free and full salvation
Is offered now to all;
Then seek this Pearl so priceless,
And obey His gracious call.

You've loved ones safely landed,
Upon that heavenly shore;
You've promised you would meet them
When all life's storms are o'er.
Say, are you steering onward
To meet them over there?
Or are you drifting downward
To regions of despair?

MY SOUL IS NOW UNITED.

Tune.—N.B.B. 101.

- 4 My soul is now united to Christ, the living Vine;
His grace I long have slighted, but now I feel
Him mine.
- I was to God a stranger till Jesus took me in;
He freed my soul from danger, and pardoned all my sin.
- Soon as my all I ventured on the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit entered, and I was born of God;
My sins are all forgiven, I feel His blood applied,
And I shall go to heaven, if I in Christ abide.
- By floods and flames surrounded, I still my way
pursue,
Nor shall I be confounded, with glory in my view.
Still Christ is my salvation; what can I covet more?
I fear no condemnation, my Father's wrath is o'er.

JESUS IS MY LIGHT.

- 5 Why should life a weary journey seem?
Jesus is my light and song!
Why should I the cross a burden deem?
Jesus is my light and song!
All the way is marked by love divine,
Around my path the rays of glory shine;
Christ Himself companion is of mine,
Jesus is my light and song!

Chorus.

Jesus is my light—Jesus is my light,
Jesus is my light and song!
Jesus is my light, I'll serve Him with my might,
Jesus is my light and song!

What though foes at every hand I meet?
Jesus is my light and song!
What though snares are ready for my feet?
Jesus is my light and song!
Christ Himself was first to lead the way,
He was first to battle in the fray,
Now on Him my every hope I lay,
Jesus is my light and song!

When my feet shall reach the open door,
Jesus is my light and song!
When my pilgrimage on earth is o'er,
Jesus is my light and song!
This song through countless years shall be:
Love for Him Who set the prisoner free!
Love for Him Who purchased life for me!
Jesus is my light and song!

SALVATION.

Tune.—Madrid (N.B.B. 117).

- 6 Would Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?
What means that strange, expiring cry?
Sinner, He prays for you and me.
"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive,
They know not that by Me they live."

Thou lovest, Father, all who turn to Thee,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life, I pray
Take all, take all my sins away.

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding foot,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening sound
Since I, e'en I, have mercy found.

BE READY WHEN HE COMES.

- 7 The Lord is coming by-and-by,
Be ready when He comes!
He comes from His fair home on high,
Be ready when He comes!
He is the Lord, our righteousness,
He comes His chosen ones to bless,
And at His Father's throne confess,
Be ready when He comes!

Chorus.

Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes?
When He comes!
Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes?
When He comes!
Will your lamps be trimmed and bright,
Be it morning, noon, or night?
Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes?

He soon will come to earth again,
Be ready when He comes!
Begin, His universal reign,
Be ready when He comes!
With hallelujahs heaven will ring,
When Jesus does redemption bring;
Oh, trim your lamps to meet your King,
Be ready when He comes!

Behold, He comes to one and all,
Be ready when He comes!
And soon we'll hear the trumpet call,
Be ready when He comes!
To judgment called at His command,
From every clime, from every land,
Before His throne we must stand,
Be ready when He comes!

SOLO.

Tune.—Tell Me the Old, Old Story; or, What are the
Wild Waves Saying?

- 8 What is the Spirit saying?
It tells of gifts unused,
Of days of sinful pleasure,
Of Christ's great love abused.
What is the Spirit saying?
Thy heart is pierced with pain,
It is remorse that fills thee
As conscience speaks again.

Chorus.

List to the Spirit saying,
This is the time for praying,
This is the time for laying
Your burdens at the cross.

What is the Spirit saying?
Oh, list, and thou shalt hear;
Those chances dead and buried
In judgment will appear.
Swiftly the time is flying,
For countless is its flight,
Thy soul in sin is dying
For want of God's own light.

What is the Spirit saying?
'Tis leaving thee at last;
It tells thee of God's goodness,
His mercy in the past.
The Spirit asks thee clearly
With God to end this strife;
Come while the Lord is near thee,
Let Him control thy life.

Vote for the Best Selection of Songs

COUPON

In my judgment Set No., selected by

contained the best number of Songs suitable for a w.r.'s meetings

Signed

Corps

Get this out and Mail to the Editor, 18 Albert St., Toronto.

STAFF APPOINTMENTS.

Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin—
London Easter Saturday, Sunday and Monday
Brigadier Southall—
St. Catharines March 24, 25
Petrolia Easter Saturday and Sunday
Ensign Owen and Capt. DeBow—
Midland March 24, 25

TOUR OF STAFF CAPT. McLEAN.

Medicine Hat, Sat., Sun., March 17, 18; Welles-
kew, Tues., March 18; Edmonton, Wed., March 19;
Strathcona, Thurs., March 20; Calgary, Fri., Sat.,
Sun., March 23, 24, 25; Lethbridge, Tues., March 27;
Medicine Hat, Wed., March 28; Moose Jaw, Thurs.,
March 29; Saskatoon, Fri., March 30; Prince Albert,
Sun., Mon., April 1, 2; Regina, Tues., April 3; Braun-
doo, Wed., April 4; Carberry, Thurs., April 5.